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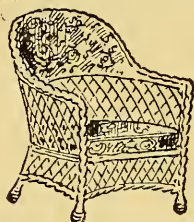
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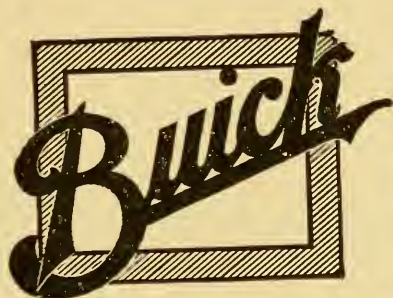
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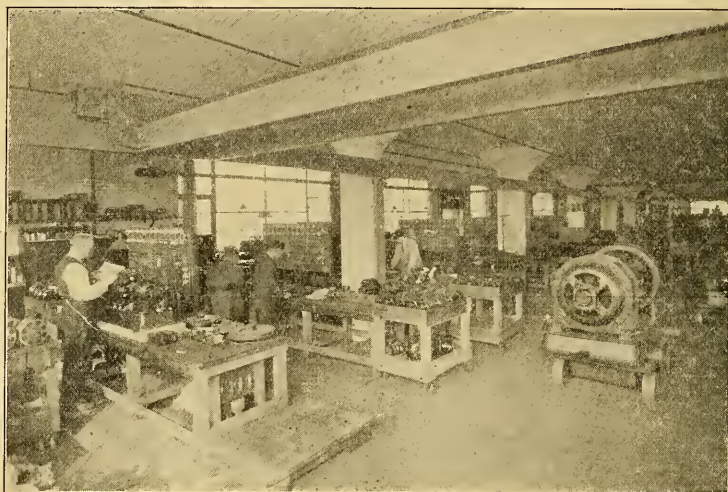
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For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

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NO. 3

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Foreword

THIS issue of the "Arguenot" is dedicated to the high school faculty, our advertisers and all others who have aided in making the "Arguenot" a worthwhile paper.

Without the cooperation of the teachers of the various departments, the staff would be unable to make our magazine nearly so interesting to the pupils as it is now. Through their assistance we have a unique paper, in that it represents

the work of most of the departments of the school.

The advertisers, too, have helped greatly to make our publications more successful and we wish to thank them for their support.

May we also express our thanks to the students themselves who have contributed stories, essays and poems. We are most grateful for their "attempts" and for their real contributions, too.

The Eastern Club Dog Show

DOGS, dogs—everywhere, and not a one to eat! But, who wants to? Even though they aren't of the edible variety, they are much better to look at and twice as interesting. Besides, if they're in a show, you know what's in them, which is more than you can say about hot—but never mind. A dog show is a tiny bit of heaven to the dog fancier. No matter what kind you prefer, it is in the show, and surely at its best. Whatever breed you like best is always a favorite with many others and you feel surrounded by kindred spirits. From little, prickly German Schnauzers to huge two-hundred-pound Great Danes

and St. Bernards. The minute you enter you are greeted by a rampage of vociferous yelps and barks—a musical sound to the fancier's ears. There is nothing omitted to give a perfect atmosphere of dogdom. It's a grand and glorious feeling to wander at random, hindered by no one, able to stay as long as you wish staring at your favorite canine, with perhaps an expression a trifle detached and vacant gracing your features. Your favorite may seem insignificant to some observers, but to you he represents the acme of intelligence and form, and since you are not alone in this opinion, you staunchly stand by it.

Collies, beautiful poised, and well-groomed coats; setters, the gentlest dogs in the show; great Danes, the largest; greyhounds, the most graceful; English bulls, the most hideous and forbidding articles that were ever called dogs; a lone whippet, scared and thin (but can't he run!); Boston terriers, pert and smart; all sorts of "lap-dogs," enclosed in satin-lined suitcases with windows, with pockets for perfume and eye-dropper feeders; pointers, the hunter's delight; police dogs, some of which jumped over a solid board wall seven and a half feet high; airdales, with a sort of small, white edition in the little wire-haired terrier, one of which was judged the best dog in the show.

After viewing them all, you decide that

were you gifted with a reporter-like store of superlative adjectives, you would leave them all at a dog show. Every dog according to your unprofessional observations was worthy of a prize, and judging by the vari-colored cards and ribbons on the backs of the kennels, many of the dogs received these prizes.

After walking around the large hall four or five times for the same number of hours, you feel it is necessary to go. But it is hard to leave such a delightful, noisy, and interesting place. So after another trip around, you suddenly realize how late it is, and though you still have that "unsatisfied" feeling, you hie for home, vowing to spend three days at the show next year.

JANE M. WALDHEIM, '27.

Winter's Exit

Old King Winter has gone like a flash,
And Lady Spring is here at last.
The brooks are bubbling over with
laughter,
While the squirrels hop about and
chatter.

The little violets so brave and true,
Peep from the ground in a dress of blue.
Robin Red Breast from his nest in the
tree
Sings all day to you and me.

KATHERINE ACTON, '28.

A Spring Experience

IT was early in April and a companion and I were out in the woods. Everything was wet from the spring thaw and the woods were full of little streams and brooks. We walked along until we came to a brook. It was deep and wide, because it was fed by the thaw. We constructed a rude raft of logs, fastening them together by ropes. We each picked up a pole and pushed off for a little ride. The current was swift and we got started without any difficulty. The farther we went, the swifter the current grew.

The brook was full of stones and small trees, and we were trying to keep the raft from breaking against the rocks. I broke my pole, and my companion was not far behind me in breaking his. Now we could do nothing to prevent the raft from colliding with the rocks. In the collision with the first rock, I was knocked off into the water, but I managed to scramble aboard again. It was my partner's turn next and he was knocked off by the branch of a tree, but he also managed to scramble aboard. This process

was repeated again and again until we both were thoroughly drenched. Finally we reached a tree that had been blown across the brook. When we struck this, we clung to the branches and worked our way ashore. It was then well towards

evening and we had a good two miles to walk until we got home. This did not take long, for we fully realized the comfort awaiting us of dry clothing and a warm fireside.

TIMOTHY DONOHUE, '28.

Class Room Manners

HAVE you ever stopped to think that you should display your manners in the class room as well as elsewhere? It would seem that a great many of you have no regard whatever for the common courtesies due to your teacher and your classmates.

The bell rings for the period to begin; stragglers stroll into the room slamming the doors behind them, interrupting the teacher, and greatly annoying the rest of the class. On reaching their seats, they slam down their books on the desk with a bang! Will you never realize that this tries the teacher's patience until she is exasperated?

Recitations begin; one pupil, at least, trying to do his best to recite well, makes a mistake and most of the class joins in the uproarious laughter that follows. Does this seem fair to you? Would it not annoy you to have fifteen or so of

your schoolmates laughing at you? It is only common decency that you should not laugh at and interrupt a classmate who is doing his part. It is pleasant to laugh when everyone can laugh, too, but do not make the rude mistake of laughing at the wrong time.

Another discourteous act in the class room is the lack of attention given to the teacher when she is explaining something or giving out the next day's assignment. At this same time, also, remarks, comments, and exclamations are, figuratively, thrown at the teacher for her to take as she will. This certainly is not pleasant for her and it often causes her to be very disagreeable to a class of this sort.

For the sake of yourself and those around you, always be courteous. Practically everybody appreciates courtesy and it always, in itself, pays.

GERTRUDE MOLONEY, '27.

Helpfulness

How many chances there are in a single day to be helpful; yet, how many of us ever stop to think of how we can help others?

We are all of us willing to lend a hand when there is some personal recompense for our services. How much more our services would be appreciated if we gave them for the sake of doing something for someone else.

One of the Boy Scout laws is "Do a good turn daily." They have a knot which cannot be untied until this daily good turn is accomplished. Why can't we all take some responsibility to do something kind each day? Are we older people to be beaten by this group of boys?

There are numerous ways we can help others right here in our own school. We can help our teachers by getting the

assignment the first time, by reciting clearly and distinctly so that she doesn't have to tell us repeatedly to speak more loudly, and by getting our lessons every day. We can help the town by taking better care of our books and things which are furnished for us by the town. Keeping the rooms in order and our desks clean is helping keep the record of cleanliness throughout the school.

On a larger scale we can help our town by keeping the streets clean, not throwing

papers all around. We can help our fire department by not being careless; police department, by obeying the laws.

At home we may show our helpfulness by doing things for our parents, making things easier for them. We may create a feeling of friendliness and helpfulness wherever we go by doing small things, perhaps, but we may be reminded of the saying, "Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on, pass it on."

CECIL KING, '26.

A Dive Into the Ocean

Every person in diving, experiences two different sensations—one pleasurable and the other of a very different type.

The cool, tingling feeling of the water as it strikes against your body, the joy of coming up into the sunshine after being submerged in the dark waters, the swim to shore, and the walk along the sandy beach—all these belong to the pleasant sensation.

Now as to the other type of feeling associated with this enjoyable exercise! Suppose you are going to dive from a rock quite a little way out from shore. You dive fearlessly into the unknown depths. Your hand touches bottom and you feel something that moves and quivers in response to your touch. You seem to be tangled up in something. Upon coming to the surface you find yourself floundering in a bed of eel grass. There are millions of eels all around you, gliding swiftly, touching you and surrounding you. Will you ever get away from them, and out of that terrible grass full of ugly slimy squirming things? Ah! at last, you are free! But—there is something swimming with you. You dare not look, but you swim with all your might towards shore. What can

it be? A gigantic eel eager to strangle this strange person who has disturbed its rest, or a ferocious shark looking for dinner? Ugh! something is on your arm. Have you strength enough to reach shore or must you give up and be strangled slowly and surely by this monster which may be the many legged octopus or a carnivorous shark? But just before you are ready to give up in despair, a piece of seaweed slips off your arm and you are saved. You are left with just enough strength for a few more feeble kicks and enough presence of mind to realize you ought to be able to touch bottom. Touch bottom! Touch bottom! The thought strikes at your heart like a knife. What if in reaching down your foot, you run into the open claws of an angry crab or land on a mass of quivering jelly fish, or step on a dead fish, soft with decay? While you are wondering how you are ever going to get out of this frightful water so filled with repulsive things, you touch bottom. You let out a yell loud enough to be heard around the world. You rush up on safe, dry land and drop down exhausted. Will you ever have the courage to dive into these unknown depths again? I wonder—

ELIZABETH BLUMENKRANZ, '27.

The Rustic Tea Room

"I can't have a roadster!" sighed Beryl as she vigorously pushed the canoe forward with her paddle.

"Honest—why?" asked Dorothy, her friend.

"Oh, well," drawled Beryl, "my popper made a bet, if I actually worked and earned at least three hundred dollars this summer, he would buy me the car. Can you picture me, trying to work?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed "Dot." "It would do you good."

"How about yourself?" snapped Beryl. "I never saw you laboring."

"Well, Berry, I worked for a couple of weeks last summer in a tearoom."

"Really?" asked Beryl, all excited. "Gee! I'd rent a tearoom for the summer if you'd be game enough to join me."

"Sure, I'm game," answered Dot. "Listen, we can rent the same one I had last year, The Rustic Tearoom, situated out in the country, about ten miles from nowhere; but business is good just the same. How about it?"

"That's swell!" exclaimed Berry, "but what is it like anyway?"

"Ah, it's a cute little brown tearoom, covered with green climbing vines—but wait until you see it."

"All right, let's paddle to shore and break the good news to our folks," suggested Berry, turning the canoe around.

Beryl Wayde, or Berry, as every one called her, was a very pretty girl of nineteen years, with curly, light brown hair and deep blue eyes, while Dorothy Hoyt, or Dot, a year older than Berry, was another type, with sparkling brown eyes and brown hair. Both were petted daughters of rich parents.

Berry had found the tearoom prettier than she had ever expected it to be and, after spending the whole summer there,

she hated the thought of leaving this delightful tearoom, with its rustic tables and benches, with its pretty cretonne curtains, and other things that made it cozy and "homey." Then, too, she would have to leave Bob whom she had met and fallen in love with this summer. Thus Berry sat musing when the little clock on the shelf struck four, interrupting Berry's thoughts.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Dot, looking up from a novel she was reading.

"Oh," answered Berry, "I was thinking how I hate to leave this place—just think, we're going home tomorrow, and I've earned the three hundred dollars and more!"

"I hate to go, too," sighed Dot. "How's Bob? Has he proposed again?"

"Yes, about fifty 'leven times already."

"Well, why don't you marry him?" asked Dot.

"You forgot that I told him I'm running this tearoom to earn a living and, besides, I don't know a thing about Bob or his family."

"Well, of all foolish persons, why don't you ask him?" suggested Dot.

"All right, I'll ask him this afternoon. We're going down town and I'll get the groceries we need."

"There's Bob now!"

"So long!" yelled Berry as she powdered her nose and pulled on her hat.

A few moments later, Dot heard a car draw up beside the tearoom and, expecting a customer, she jumped up, closed her book, and rearranged her little white apron.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Wayde!" she exclaimed, when she saw who was coming up the porch steps. "This is a pleasant surprise."

"Hello, Dorothy, how are you and how's Berry?" Mr. Wayde asked cheerfully.

"Oh, we're fine as fiddles and business has just been rushing. Berry made her three hundred dollars all right," exclaimed Dot, all in one breath.

"Where is Berry," asked Mr. Wayde.

"There she is coming down the street with Bob Wilson."

"Who? Bob Wilson? Why, he's John Wilson's son!"

At the same time Bob was saying, "Once more, Berry, will you marry me?"

"But Bob, we don't know anything about each other and I'm really not working to earn my living," answered Berry.

"I know," said Bob. "You didn't fool me. You're Russell Wayde's daughter. Aren't you?"

"Yes, and who art thou?"

"John Wilson's son."

"Really?"

"Yup, now will you marry me?"

"Maybe."

"Can't you be serious once in a while?"

"Maybe."

"If I didn't have these bundles—"

Just then they reached the tearoom and Berry heard her father's hearty greetings—

"Hello, Berry!" "Hello, Bob!"

Before Bob could respond, Beryl was up the steps and in her father's arms.

"Well," she exclaimed, "who wins the bet?"

"You do, Berry, and now I'll have to buy you the car," answered her dad.

"Dad," said Berry, "if I wanted something more than I do an old car, would you buy it for me as a wedding present?" She added in a whisper, "I'm engaged to Bob."

"What shall I buy you?" asked her father happily.

"This Rustic Tea Room," was the answer.

EDNA SNYDER, '27.

Fingerprints

ADARING robbery had occurred in one of the large apartment houses of the city. The police were plainly baffled and the newspapers made no effort to hide the fact. In fact, if the thieves were not soon caught, the Chief of Police knew that his name would be a joke on every street-corner.

The robbery had been committed in broad daylight. The thief had been daring—so daring, in fact, that he left behind him some very clear fingerprints. This, instead of making the job easier for the police, made it harder. Two suspects, who did not even have a weak defense, would probably have been convicted and the affair blown over, but for the fact that their fingerprints did not correspond with those held by the police.

Neither were the latter those of any man whose picture hung in the Rogues' Gallery of that or any other large city.

Three days had passed, and no progress had been reported by either the policemen on the case or the plainclothesmen who were scouring the city. Thomas Frevors, the man at the head of Station 117, in whose district the robbery had been committed, was in a bad humor. He was in the act of "bawling out" a patrolman for a minor carelessness, when Frank Wallace, one of the detectives on the robbery case, entered with a young man.

"Well, who've you got there?" growled Frevors.

"He claims he's a poor student," answered Wallace.

His captive looked the part. Tall, nervous, he blinked from behind shell glasses which made his abnormally small face seem smaller. His long arms protruded from a coat which he had long ago outgrown. He held several textbooks under his left arm. Obviously, he was not the sort one would classify as a bold daylight burglar.

"Come on, we'll take his prints," grunted Frevors, "but I guess he'll be free in short order."

"I object to this outrage," said the "student," in a high, squeaky voice. "You have no—"

"Oh, yes, we have," broke in Wallace, firmly; and, despite the struggles and protests of the suspect, he was borne firmly away.

Two weeks later, James Hull, student, was convicted, on fingerprint evidence, of larceny, and sent to States Prison to serve a term of five years. It was only because he had really been a student, and because he had stolen in order to be able to continue his education, that the judge had been lenient with him.

After the trial, Frevors stopped Wallace and said, "How did you ever happen to suspect a poor, harmless-looking specimen like that?"

Wallace grinned and answered, "I thought it best to investigate the case of a man who hung around the scene of the robbery, and, besides that, he wore eyeglasses that were made of nothing but common, ordinary glass."

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

The Big Parade

SHE was the general errand girl of the district. Whenever anyone needed a pound of butter or the "makings" of a pie, they called on little Marie.

It had been raining steadily all day and Marie, as she made her way across the village park, had to dodge a great many puddles. Ordinarily she would have gone by way of the street, but as she was doing an errand for one of her regular customers, she could not afford to waste any time.

By cleverly evading the deep puddles, Marie reached the middle of the park. In her haste she did not notice the hungry looking wolf-dog that was following close behind her. On arriving at a cross section of paths Marie was confronted by an extra large mud-puddle. She should have gone around this, but remembering that Mrs. Dallaire had told her that she wanted the parcel for dinner, Marie decided to jump. As she flew

through the air Marie dropped Mrs. Dallaire's bundle and in a flash the sneaking wolf-dog had snatched it and was heading for the center of the town. Without stopping to brush her clothes, Marie started off in pursuit, screaming for help at the top of her voice.

As they heard her call, loungers from all corners joined in the chase. The dog seeing that traffic was congested near the town square, veered his course toward the residential section of the town where he sought refuge in the back-yard district.

Marie, while traveling at top speed, knocked into the mud Mrs. Humphrie's colored maid, who was carrying a basket of newly laundered clothes and linens. This accident brought the maid into the chase.

The dog by this time had reached the main street with Marie, the maid and a pack of village sleuths bringing up the

rear. Right down the center of the street went the parade. As it swept by the police station, the "cops" and *fréman* started at full speed after the main herd, thinking that they were chasing a professional burglar.

The dog, now tiring noticeably from his exertions, sped on toward the armory where the present day "minute" men were staging a miniature war. On seeing the crowd pass by, the commander gave the order to join in the chase, probably surmising that the ancient Huns were again on the rampage.

Marie, herself, was now pretty well spent, but the thought of Mrs. Dallaire's dinner made her plug on. Meanwhile the dog, seeing that it was useless to keep

his much prized bundle with this angry retinue on his trail, dropped it and headed for some nearby woods. Marie eagerly snatched up the parcel and kept on toward the Dallaire home, which she finally reached with the whole mob at her heels. She dashed up the steps and gave the bundle to Mrs. Dallaire just ahead of the corpulent chief of police.

"What is the cause of all this commotion?" cried the noble dignitary. Marie told how the dog had stolen her bundle. The chief asked her what was in the bundle and Marie stammered between breaths, "Boloney," meanwhile pocketing a nickel for her valuable service.

CARL DONOVAN, '26.

A Life For A Life

THE little old lady sat in a creaking red rocking-chair contemplating. About her face, softening the expression of the time-worn wrinkles embedded there, curled little wisps of her snow-white hair. Her wizened features had a triumphant aspect as though she had done her last great deed on earth. As she sat there, twitching her fingers in her shawl, tears could be seen beginning to glisten in her shining eyes.

Outside, the birds were singing so cheerfully that one would think that there were no such thing as care or trouble in this world. The sun smiled down on the peasants working on their farms. Everything was peaceful. Would that pleasant peace be with the old lady in another week?

"Yes, I *was* right," she said as she went to the window and glanced upon the serene outdoors. "God will take care of him now."

When the week was up, the old lady would see her son no more. He had

cleverly escaped the jaws of death before, but now he would pay, pay with his own life which was so dear to him. Rather than have her son a hunted man, the old lady had persuaded her son to give himself up. He would be shot, but would that not be just? A life for a life.

How he was paying! Oh, the hours of agony spent in suspense till the last day! Would it never come? Why was *he* a murderer! Still, always courageous, he was paying.

The week had passed quickly. One more day—the time had come. At home, the old lady was bent in prayer at the side of her little bed. In the prison yard stood her son, still courageously paying. One more minute. All was over. He had paid dearly for his crime.

The next day, the old lady was found rigid by her bedside. She had died praying ardently for her son. God would take care of them both now.

GRACE CLAPP, '26.

The Rose-Bud's Story

Deep in the woodland,
Where birds rule as kings,
I found a treasure—
Apart from all things.

It was in a hollow,
Amid an ash grove—
A beautiful garden,
Where sweet flowers thrive.

Under a brick mass
Of chimney so old,
I saw a spirit,
Shimmering like gold.

When from her slumber
She woke with a cry,
I saw her tremble,
Then breathe a sigh.

Up from her earth bed
She rose with true grace,
Then raised her fair head,
And showed her sad face.

Inside the garden
I soon found myself,
Escorted by one
Tiny, rose-bud elf.

"Because she's the soul
Of flowers now dead,
She's very lonely,"
The rose-bud said.

She is the spirit
Of old-fashioned flowers;
She weeps o'er their graves
Thru' the long lonesome hours.

KATHLINE MAHONEY, '26.

An Unknown Hero

DEATH bombs flying, electrically driven destructive devices sent cruelly to kill thousands at a time, deadly gases infesting the air! Such was the war between Germany and France in 1935. The gigantic struggle between these powerful nations had lasted for three years and neither side had been able to gain the upper hand.

The fighting was fierce and relentless, particularly centering around a small town near the Marne. Here the fighting was so even that practically anything might sway the verdict. The two largest and most efficiently commanded armies of the two countries were deadlocked and the gaining of a victory here would go a great way towards winning the war.

Especially hot was the battling be-

tween the two largest regiments of the rival countries, Regiment Twenty-Six of the French army and Regiment Eighteen of the German. For days they had battled, neither gaining an advantage, for as soon as one advanced, that regiment was quickly driven back by the other.

Meanwhile, the German scientists were working on and perfecting a plague-spreading device with which they thought they could wipe out the entire French army. As soon as it was perfected, they were going to give it to the largest German regiment to distribute among their adversaries.

It was night in a French dugout and as there was no battling at the time, a group of tired French soldiers were gathered, conversing and trying to ap-

pear jolly. Most of their fun and remarks were directed towards a small private who sat unheedingly in one corner. No one knew his name or cared to, but because of his attitude, he was called "Silent" by his tormentors.

Three days later, a large bomb burst, sending a peculiar cloud over the French regiment and twenty-four hours later the entire regiment was stricken with a plague which seemed to be killing every soldier in the regiment. "Silent," carefully watching the death toll, finally decided on the course which he would take.

In the middle of one night, when his fever was reaching its height, he stole out of his trench and across "No Man's

Land." He must not be seen and killed there, for his plan would be useless if he were. He dodged, ducked, and squirmed his way across, finally being captured as a spy by a German sentinel. This had been his plan and he was happy as he was being thrown into the guard house.

The next day, whenever a German soldier brought his meals or visited him for any purpose, he got as close to him as he could, hoping that his object would be accomplished. He waited anxiously and, finally, he was rewarded. From him the plague had spread and the entire German regiment was stricken. Two days later "Silent" died in his prison, "an unknown hero."

L. HOWES, '27.

My Dream Castle

Where lofty tree-tops rise on high,
And sunset colors all the sky;
Where a rippling, bubbling, dancing
brook
Nestles in a shady nook;

Where moonbeams sparkle on the dew
And stars shine through the midnight
blue,
Hidden far from earthly care,
My castle of dreams is nestled there.

RUTH HENNESSEY, '26.

Kaarlo's Return

TWO weeks! Two more short weeks! Only fourteen more days and she would be able to see her loved one! Their wedding would occur on the day of his arrival!

Over and over she read the letter that the postman had brought to her from her dear Kaarlo who was at the front trenches. She sat at the window dreaming. How happy they would be, Kaarlo and Katri! They would romp the meadows; plant their corn, potatoes, and wheat, together in the spring; and in the fall, reap.

She looked at herself in the mirror. She caressed her two long braids of golden hair. After two weeks she would no longer wear long braids and ribbons. She would be able to wear her hair in a large knot at the back of her head. This was according to the old Finnish custom. Young girls wear their hair in braids and married women in knots.

Katri was the daughter of the richest man in Wuojoki, Finland. She was in love with one of her father's field help, Kaarlo Kivikoski. Kaarlo had great ambitions, but Katri's father knew that his

daughter was in love with Kaarlo, so he did not promote him though the young man deserved it.

War had broken out. Kaarlo had enlisted. He wanted honors. He wanted to show Honorable Haapajarvi that he could be worthy of his daughter. Sad had been the parting of the two lovers. Each night Katri prayed that her lover would return to her. Each night Kaarlo prayed that he would be worthy of Katri when he returned home.

The days had gone slowly by for Katri. She had not heard anything from Kaarlo for a long time. Her Kaarlo had risen to the honorable position of sergeant. How good that sounded! Sergeant Kivikoski! She would not tell anyone of this great honor until the day of her wedding.

Soon the wedding day was set and the plans for the wedding were made. The whole village was astir. The richest daughter would be married in spite of her father's wishes. The reason why the wedding was to take place was that a father could not go against the wishes of his only daughter. It was the old custom of the village.

At the Haapajarvi home many cooks were busy. Bread, cakes, biscuits, butter, buttermilk, and other foods were prepared. Men cut down branches of pine trees and with them decorated the rooms and the path in front of the house. Wild flowers were gathered from the fields.

Two weeks had passed. Katri was waiting for the hour when her Kaarlo would come back to her. She was dressed in her wedding dress. It was made of white silk spun by the most expert spinners. On her head was a wreath of white waxed roses and small

green leaves. A long, long veil was attached to it.

How happy she would be with her husband! Out in the reception room the minister and wedding guests were waiting for her. Oh! If Kaarlo would only come! The train had already arrived. Why did he not come? Ah! There was a messenger boy coming up the front path! Now she would hear of her lover! The message was handed to her. It read: "Tule kiireesti asemalle." (Come as soon as possible to the station.)

What had happened? She ran out of the house in spite of her mother's and father's cries to come back. She cared not for herself—only for Kaarlo!

She arrived at the station. Her veil had fallen off on the way. Her dress was dirty and muddy. She cared not. She ran into the station and asked for news of Kaarlo Kivikoski. She looked around. No one answered her question. They only looked at each other and then at her with pitying eyes. Why did not they tell her?

Oh! At last the station-keeper came to her and said to her kindly, "Please come into the other room with me."

What did he mean? She went with him. He pointed to a closed basket and then went out. What did the basket contain? What had it to do with her Kaarlo? Perhaps he had sent her a wedding gift and was coming later on. She opened the basket and screamed—What was this? She knew no more.

The people in the station ran to see what was the matter. The station-keeper bent over her. No more would Katri open her eyes to this world. She would be happy in the next world with her Kaarlo, for it was his body which lay in the basket.

SANELMA NORDLUND, '26.

The Proud Tree

Tall and straight and proud he stands,
As if he were king of all the lands.
He sways and bows in the gentle breeze,
Looking down at the other trees.

Now the gentle breeze was much disturbed,
"This fellow's proudness must be curbed."
So, hustling about, she called for aid
To the angry North Wind with whom
she stayed.

The North Wind came with a hard, cold
blast
And agreed to do what he was asked.
He rushed through the woods till he
came to the tree,
Who was swaying and nodding as proud
as could be.

"I'll show you, my fellow," he said with
a puff,
"That we've stood your proudness quite
long enough."
He blew and howled and whistled and
growled.
He hissed and whirled and pranced and
prowled.

Then he stopped in his fury and looked
at the tree.
"Ha! Ha! I've conquered!" he cried
with glee.
For the poor, proud tree was shattered
and bent;
He pleaded for mercy and swore he'd
repent.

GRACE CLAPP, '26.

Mists

Rainbows—
A salmon leaps
And falls.
The spray rises
In sheerest film,
And drifts away.
The rainbow is broken,
The mist closes,
The falls roar on—
Silence broods o'er all.

Sunbeams—
The surf roars
And ebbs.
The wave breaks
Into silvery foam,
And wafts on high.
The sunbeam is pierced,
The mist returns,
The surf pounds on,
Wonder strikes all hearts.

W. C. FAY, '27.

The Hunt for the Speckled Whale

FOR many years there had been a story going around through the fishing towns about a great speckled whale. The description of the whale was this—he was a gigantic animal, speckled in color, with a pair of jaws that could easily crush a good-sized fishing dory. It was also said that he had put many a

fishing vessel in serious condition by giving the bottom of the boat severe blows with his tail fin. Many lives had been lost in the quest for this monster of the seas.

Now, there lived in a quaint old fishing village an old retired sea captain. For some years he had been hunting up a

suitable crew to take with him in search of the speckled whale. At last he had found a crew that was satisfactory to him and he decided to start his cruise at once. He got his crew together and after rigging up the ship, started on his voyage. For many days they sailed until they reached the whaling grounds. On their arrival they had taken many whales, and had a good quantity of oil and blubber. Now the captain had made up his mind that the next whale he captured would be the speckled whale or none.

It was a very warm day and the crew had seen many whales of various sizes, but had not taken any notice of them. Suddenly the sky became overcast with dark clouds, and within a few minutes one of the severest storms the crew had ever witnessed broke loose. Then in the midst of the storm, the lookout shouted, "There she blows," and the crew all rushed to the side of the ship. What a sight met their eyes! There, not two hundred yards away was the largest of all whales, spouting a stream of water that would easily fill a dory. As suddenly as he appeared, he disappeared and he was not seen again for two days. When they did see him, he was very close to the ship, and all the boats were lowered over and the men rowed toward him.

The captain was in the first boat and, therefore, reached him first. But just as he reached the spot where the whale was, the whale disappeared beneath the surface. However, the captain did not give up. He had hunted whales all his

life and knew that this one would come to the surface again. By this time all of the boats had arrived and as the whale appeared, about ten harpoons sunk into his body. There was a great churning of water and as the whale dove, two of the harpoon lines snapped. The captain was very cool and shouted reassuring orders to his men. Suddenly, one of the boats was seen to fly into the air and all the men were thrown into the water, although none were injured. Then with a terrible blow the whale spilt the captain's boat to splinters and, with a sudden twist and dive, snapped all of the harpoon lines. Somehow the captain's foot had become entangled in one of these lines and he was drawn under by the whale. When the whale rose to the surface the next time, there was the captain pinned to the whale's back by two harpoons. Although the men did not have any more interest in the whale, they were anxious to recover their captain's body. They again took to the boats and, as the whale was floundering around amid the broken lines, fifteen harpoons were shot into him. As one had struck a vital spot, the whale died with a great convulsive shudder.

When the ship arrived at the little fishing village, the flag was at half-mast. And when the story was told, men mourned the death of the old captain. But when the tale of the Speckled Whale is told, it is ended with, "and the whale was finally captured by an old sea captain, who lost his life on this great voyage."

HERBERT OLIVER, '27.

Reminiscences of a Marble

ME and my little molecule friends were first dug from the old clay swimming hole by the famous Charles River at Dedham. From there I was

taken in an old shockabsorberless truck to Winchendon, Massachusetts, to a large toy factory. Before I was allowed in this incomparable toy palace, I had

to go through many a painful operation. First I was molded into a perfect sphere by old Mat Dyer, whose skill in the art of toy-making has never been excelled. Then I was glazed and colored most artistically in gorgeous red and purple spiral stripes. My beauty really far surpassed that of my fellow marbles. After all this I was taken into the toy palace and put on display to wait for someone to buy me. My stay there was short. The very first day a News Dealer came and I was the first marble he bought. You see my beauty stood out from the plainer ones about me. Don't think I am a bit conceited. Why, that is the farthest thought from my mind!

In a few days I was packed in a large box with many, many other marbles and shipped to a small town in New England. Then I was placed in a show case and I waited for someone to purchase me. I did not have to wait long, for soon a little chap came tripping into the store with a few pennies and I was among the handful of marbles which were carefully put into the pocket of his faded blue jeans. Now my journey began.

The next day I was worked steadily from (without any exaggeration) sunrise to sunset. Competition was great. I did not have a minute's rest. However, at the end of the day I found myself under the care of another master who, later, I found out to be the champion of "Pie Alley." But my living conditions here were awful. I was placed with numerous other marbles in his pocket, which was dark and dirty and also had many undesirable occupants, such as shoe buttons, screws, string and last, and by far the most horrible, a squirming fat worm which crawled continually over us. I stayed under the care of my new master for some time (his name as I later learned was Rocco).

I had to undergo many a hard day with him but this troubled me little because Rocco was always the winner, of course you know that was all due to his having me. Finally there wasn't anybody in the town who could beat Rocco. Thus, he was the champion marble player of East Brookside.

Now it happened that in New York City every year an International Marble Tournament is held and the winners of every town are allowed to compete. So this year Rocco was the representative from East Brookside.

I will say nothing of our journey as it had no features of interest to me. All I know is that finally, after what seemed an endless journey, I found myself at Madison Square in my master's hands ready to enter the tournament. There were many ahead of us, but finally it was our turn. Placed on his forefinger, his thumb carefully poised behind me, with the aim of a William Tell, I went as straight as an arrow to the center of the ring! Pandemonium broke loose among the spectators. It was the best shot yet. Then there was nothing to do but wait to see who would be the two final contestants. After some time it was finally decided that Rocco of East Brookside, Massachusetts, and "Hefty Houghton" of Irving, Virginia, should be the two to compete with each other.

It was Hefty's turn to shoot first. He shot with great deliberation and care. His marble landed just at the edge of the ring. Then it was my turn to go. Placing me on his forefinger, judging the distance carefully and then snap I went right into the center of the ring as before. Once more pandemonium broke loose among the spectators. I don't know who is the prouder, Rocco of me, or I of Rocco, I am too modest to tell.

ELIZABETH Q. MACGLASHAN, '27.

"Silent" Saunders

"SILENT" SAUNDERS, one of the editors, sat by his desk in his office of the "New York Times." There was a grim look about his face and his mouth was set in a straight, firm line. A hard look was in his eyes.

People were in awe of "Silent" Saunders. (Nobody knew him by any other name.) Few spoke to him except for business reasons. His only friend was Bob, his young assistant. Bob was the only one to whom Saunders had ever told his sad story.

"Silent" Saunders had come from a wealthy family. He had a younger sister, Betty, whom he had fairly worshipped. It was the old story of a girl wanting to go on the stage and her parents forbidding her. When Betty had reached her eighteenth birthday, she had ran away from home. Her parents had disowned her, and nothing had been heard of her since then.

Saunders' parents had died within the following year and Saunders, heart-broken, had set out to search for Betty. He had gone from city to city, forever searching. When he had realized that it was of no use, he had settled in New York. That was five years ago, but always he was on the look-out for Betty.

Presently Saunders aroused himself from his thoughts. He rang a bell and soon a young man entered.

"Bob," said Saunders in his rough voice, "I have just received the information that Sheila, the bandit queen, the

one who served a three-year term in prison, is dying."

"Yes, sir."

"I have her address here and I want you to go to her and get a story from her, a death-bed confession, you know. We haven't had any good sob-stuff lately and that should make good reading."

"Yes, sir."

Bob left the office, went to the slums of the city and soon found the place for which he was hunting. He got the story which he had come for and returned home.

Next morning Saunders again rang for Bob. When Bob entered the office, he looked as if he were about to perform an unpleasant duty.

"Did you get the story?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it."

"I tore it up, sir."

"Tore it up! What on earth for?" growled Saunders.

"Sheila, the bandit queen, told me that her real name is—is Betty Saunders," answered Bob so softly it could scarcely be heard.

Everything was still for a moment; then Saunders reached out and gripped Bob's hand so hard that it hurt. Then he dropped it.

As Bob was going out of the office door he turned and saw big, gruff Saunders with his head clasped in his hands, his body shaking with dry sobs.

VERA MATTSON, '27.



Reckless Ruth Runs Over Rastus

"HOO-HOO! Mother, are you here?" called Ruth Jarvis, coming in the front door at full speed.

"Yes, Ruth. What's the matter now?" Evidently mother thought something had gone wrong, or, at least, that was what her tone of voice would have implied to anyone who heard her speak.

"Now, Mother, give me a chance to explain, won't you? I took the car out, and when I turned the corner of Maple and Elm streets, the Hills' cat, Rastus, ran in front of the car, and I ran over it."

"Ran over the Honorable Billy Sunday Washington, Hills' cat! Not Rastus! Ruth, how could you? You know how much they all think of that animal. Do they know it yet? Oh, dear, I don't know why I persuaded your father to let you drive the car. I might have known that something terrible would happen."

"Oh, Mother, don't get so fussed up over it. Really, they won't mind in the least. In fact, I don't think they'll ever know about it if you don't go and tell them. You see, Mother, I—"

"Now what's she done?" Robert, the older brother came in just in time to know that mother was reproving Ruth for something.

"Oh, Mother, what shall we do? You say that Ruth has run over the Honorable Billy Sunday Washington, Hill's cat! We can never compensate him for the loss of that animal."

"But, Mother, I"—Ruth was trying in vain to explain.

"Ruth, you might as well keep quiet now. You've done the damage, and as you say they do not know of the accident, I shall call the police department and the case will be in their hands entirely."

"Mother, wait before you do that."

But mother had already given the number and said sharply, "Ruth, go upstairs to your room and stay until you are called."

Ruth did so, crying as she went. She realized that it was useless to argue with her mother, and Rob never would stand up for her.

In the meantime, the police were waiting to hear from the Hills', but they waited in vain. Mrs. Jarvis, still very much worked up about the matter, decided to call Mrs. Hill and tell her that she was coming to call on her. This she did. Mrs. Hill wondered at it, for the two families had not been on very good terms for many, many years.

Exactly at two-thirty in the afternoon Mrs. Jarvis rang the Hills' doorbell. The maid opened the door and then gave a scream, for the beloved Rastus had run out the door after the canary which had just escaped from its cage. The maid dashed after the animal, and after much jumping over rose bushes, dashing around corners, falling down, and so forth, she succeeded in capturing the cat. Mrs. Jarvis was so astounded that she walked right into the drawing room and sat down. Was she in her right mind? Hadn't Ruth said that she had run over Rastus? And surely there was no other cat like Rastus, for he was coal black with the queerest patterns of white stripes just on one side of him. This was perplexing.

"Yes, Ma'am. Sorry to keep you waiting, but I was so afraid Rastus might get into the street and be run over. You know he's quite a valuable cat. I'll go and call Mrs. Hill."

"No, no, Mary, don't bother. I think she's resting, and as it's nothing im-

portant, I'll call another time. Just tell her that I shall call again, will you please? Good-bye."

All the way home, Mrs. Jarvis tried to solve the mystery, and as she neared her house, she began to feel rather ashamed of herself for treating Ruth as she had. Robert met her at the door.

"Well, Mother, guess you've been out on a wild goose chase, haven't you? After you had gone, I thought I'd see what Ruth had to say for herself. It's all perfectly clear now. You'd better go up and apologize to her."

Wondering what was up, Mrs. Jarvis went up the stairs. Half way up the stairs, she heard a choking sound. Looking around, she saw Robert, laughing as though he would never stop. As she reached the door of Ruth's room, she heard someone else laughing.

She quietly opened the door. There on her bed lay Ruth, who was laughing and crying at the same time. Mrs. Jarvis was speechless. She sat down in a rocking-chair and waited for Ruth to speak.

"Oh, Mother, it's too funny for anything! Why didn't you wait for me to explain, first? I *did* run over the cat, but the wheels of the car didn't even touch him. Rastus lay perfectly still in the middle of the street while the car went over him. I didn't even get a speck of dust on him."

Mother saw it all now and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. She, then, made the resolution to herself that she would not be so harsh another time, and would let Ruth do her bit of explaining before the matter was carried too far.

J. LAMSON, '26.

Proving His Worth

NIGHT after night, Charley Wilson steadfastly practiced running in the old ball park back of his home. A cheap wrist watch was Charley's only aid in determining his speed. Since early boyhood, young Wilson had set his heart on being a distance runner of some merit.

He had the benefit of practicing under a coach while he attended school, but that was terminated when he was forced to leave school to contribute to the support of his family. Now he was his own coach and adviser. Charley had competed in a few local races, but he had never yet "broken the tape" ahead of his rivals. Charley attended many local track meets when he was not competing. He had witnessed many gold watches bestowed on the victors as prizes. One

of Charley's ambitions was to possess a gold watch.

One day he ventured to ask a "professional" what he did with all his gold watches which he had won. The "professional" answered sarcastically, "Sell them, of course. You didn't expect me to sit up all night winding them, did you?" Charley knew that he would value a prize which he had won, so that no money could part him from it.

The day of the famous road race between Pontiac and Detroit dawned clear and bright. At noon a famous array of distance running stars faced the starter's pistol. In the last line of runners appeared a youth of whom the experts knew nothing. He was none other than Charley Wilson. He had been sent from

the small athletic club of his home town after the assigned competitor had been taken ill.

The pistol cracked. The runners lunged forward to gain an initial advantage in position. Charley Wilson came out of his starting holes in good form, but he did not burst into a frenzied rush for the lead as many others were doing. For this was a race of twenty-five gruelling miles in which an early lead did not necessarily mean an ultimate victor.

During the first ten miles, the runners remained comparatively closely packed. Soon after the marker had been passed, class began to tell. Runner after runner fell by the wayside, exhausted and leg weary. But Charley still ran on. At the eighteen-mile mark he still held a good position. All along the route the spectators applauded his game running. Charley had never understood what applause meant. The twenty-three-mile mark was passed, with Wilson running in third position. His stride, however, was noticeably weaker. This was more than he had ever essayed before.

Now they were a mile from the finish line. The course now ran through the

hard paved city streets. Every stride hurt Charley Wilson's feet like a sharp dart. Now was his time to make a bid for victory. The two men ahead of him were almost together. Summoning up his remaining strength, he resolved to attempt to pass the leaders. Stride by stride he forged ahead as they neared the home stretch. As he was on the point of passing the leaders, Charley shouted, "Great race isn't it?"

These few words, although they had taken nearly all Wilson's strength, had an immediate effect on his opponents. They seemed to fall back rapidly. They never realized that the man who uttered these words was more exhausted than they. To their minds a man who could spare breath to speak, after running over twenty-four miles, was too good to be beaten.

Charley Wilson broke the finish line a wonderful victor. Besides his array of medals and cups, Charley got his greatest thrill from the head-lines of the country's great dailies which proclaimed to the world, "Boy Marvel Wins Marathon in Record Time."

DANIEL O'CONNEL, '27.

April

Pattering raindrops,
Glistening leaves,
Peeping flowers,
Budding trees—
Oh! it is April.

Slippery streets,
Bright-hued umbrellas,
Gorgeous, gay slickers,
Muddy, wet rubbers—
Oh! it is April.

Bright, sunny days,
Calls of the birds,
Sweet-scented earth,
People astir,
All wakened from sleep,
By April.

M. GREIG, '26.

Day Dreams

Wanting, wishing and waiting,
All good time wasted it seems;
Still why do folks keep on taking
A pleasure in these day dreams?

The world would be like in pictures,
No one would worry or care;
But who would go down in the ditches?
No one would call that quite fair.

They know, if wishes were granted
And wants and desires could be had,
Most people would have what they
wanted,
And no one would have to be sad.

So the best thing to do is stop scheming
And settle right down to your work,
For you won't get much out of dreaming
And nothing at all if you shirk.

DANIEL FLAHERTY, '27.

The Marquis of Ramlieu

SITUATED on the northern coast of France was a tiny hamlet composed of quaint little homes, and ornamented by a square. Typical French people these, possessed of a bright cheeriness, and a carefree attitude toward life.

The time was to come when all this peaceful serenity would be changed, and finally in 1914, deep rumors of impending disaster had reached the isolated village. Beneath the nervous, excited conversation could be discerned a nameless terror, slowly but firmly clutching the fearful hearts, and filling the simple minds with dread.

The owner of the village, the Marquis de Ramlieu, was beloved of the people in return for his various acts of kindness. Although he possessed this admirable trait, he was also courageous and daring. Being rather delicate from a physical standpoint, he made up for this defect with boundless energy. He was handsome, as many of the maidens could tell you, and les belles femmes disputed as to which he liked the most, but they could make no impression, he being inordinately shy.

His father had been dead for some time, and the young marquis found

himself burdened with the care of the village and the castle.

Soon the inevitable call to arms reached the village, which proceeded with its preparations. The marquis hardly ever visited the village at that time, for he had more important duties at the Ramlieu Castle.

To the dimly lighted library, with the coming of nightfall, strange, silent men made their way, unseen and unheard save by the marquis. Far into the night these same men remained conferring and discussing certain written papers, and making new ones. With this accomplished, they departed, to reappear at night.

If the villagers felt any wonder at the distant attitude of the master, they gave it no second thought, so thoroughly engrossed were they in the final preparation for war.

After a period of two weeks, the marquis and his co-ordinate were wont to go to the northern turret and gaze out to sea. The marquis was wearing the uniform of the French army, and his slender frame was as upright as any stalwart soldier.

One night, when the officers had

gathered at Ramlieu Castle, all were silent, casting anxious glances toward a certain bright light far out to sea. At opportune moments, vivid flashes of light were perceived and jotted down on pads.

The marquis had disappeared during the process, and now reappeared disguised as a German soldier. The commanding officer scanned his guise, and pronounced it very satisfactory.

"Now," said he, —being no other than Marshal Foehe,—we must get ready quickly. Ramlieu, are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir," was the answer, followed by a salute.

"That is well," said Foehe. "You are to go to that cove. There will be a boat awaiting you. Your name shall be Hans, and you carry stolen plans to a confederate. The watchword is "Kamarad." Hold the man in conversation until we surround. Go, my son, and God be with you."

The marquis set out in the fulfillment of his hazardous undertaking, fully realizing his peril, but without a tremor of fear. He neared the cove and whistled. A low voice close at hand called for him to give the password.

The German snatched the papers from Ramlieu and scanned them, mo-

tioning the youth back. "Ach," he grunted. "You have done very well, Hans, but let me look at you, I must be positive."

The young marquis approached cautiously, praying swiftly for help. Just as he neared the German a voice, quiet and commanding, called out, "Hands up!"

With a quick glance at his betrayer, the German's hand stole to his hip, levelled a gun, and fired, fatally wounding the marquis. With a shout the Frenchmen grasped him, speechless with rage at such wanton cruelty. He was relieved of the papers, thrown, and thrust into the waiting boat.

The wound which the marquis had received proved fatal and he died. Just one more hero for France!

Ramlieu, which once was but a hamlet, one of the many in France, is now a flourishing countryside, and the scene of a brilliant capture of a German spy.

No more does the castle contain a master, for he is gone and no one remains to fill his place. Nothing lives but the memory of the villagers and a certain monument in the village square with the name of the beloved marquis foremost among the fallen heroes of the town.

HELEN O'KANE, '27.

Foggy Weather

THE beach at Fairport was very dreary-looking, one afternoon in late June. There had been a storm the night before and the offshore wind was bringing in the fog. The waves had piled much seaweed and driftwood far above the usual high-water line, for a hard storm and the very high tide had come at the same time.

The Hunt family had arrived that

morning to spend the summer at Fairport. They could not have chosen a worse day, for the fog was almost thick enough to cut with a knife, as the old fisherman had said. He had assured them that on a clear day, however, Fairport was as beautiful a place as might be imagined. It was hard to believe, but the Hunts decided to take his word for it and wait for a clear day.

George, the oldest boy, aged seventeen, and Helen, fifteen were walking on the beach. They did not think much of the place, apparently. George was just saying, "We were foolish to come here anyway when we could have gone to camp."

Just then Bob, aged ten, came running to them. He cried in an excited voice, "Oh, come see the boat! There's one on the beach. Let's go out for a ride." For want of anything more exciting to do, they strolled over to the dory. It looked seaworthy, so they launched it. As there were oars in the boat, they went out for a row.

George had learned to row on a lake, so he knew nothing of the treacherous fog and tide. He thought it would be fine to go out of sight of shore. The fog was so thick that after two minutes of rowing, they could see nothing but fog and water. Bob was a little frightened and wished to return to shore, but George said he could find his way by following the waves. That proved he knew nothing about the ocean, but neither did either of the others, so they were satisfied. Soon Helen suggested that they go back to shore, for they were soaked by the fog. So George turned and started home. Bob saw many little wooden buoys of lobster pots, and he wished to pull one in to see the lobsters, but his sister showed him how dishonest it would be, so he was content with trying to catch the ropes in his hand as they passed.

George, unaccustomed to the seashore, did not know that lobster pots were placed near rocks, and that rocks on the

surface are not safe, especially in a fog. But he was worried because they were passing so many buoys now, while on the way out they had seen none. He said nothing to the others, though, and kept on with the waves. They could hear the breakers on the beach now, and if they had looked into the waters, they would have seen the great rocks just beneath the surface.

Suddenly, there was a loud snapping noise and the children found themselves perched upon a rock, unable to get off. The boat was balanced so that it would rock back and forth, but it refused to move from its perch. Fortunately, the bottom of the boat had not been broken, so they were watertight, but helpless. George had forgotten about the tide and the thought came to him in a flash. "Was it going out or coming in? If it was going out, when would they ever get off?" Nobody spoke for almost a minute. Then Bob began to laugh. He didn't realize any danger, but just saw the funny side, which the others failed to see. "Oh, it's just like a see-saw," he said, and he started to rock the boat. A big wave came just as they were rocking, and all of a sudden they felt themselves free. Then, as if fortune was favoring them, they heard their father calling. He was off to their right, and slowly but surely they rowed in that direction and landed safely. They said nothing about their adventure, but they had learned their lesson. Thereafter, they stayed ashore when it was foggy.

ALICE KELLIHER, '26.



Looking Towards Future Life

Great men and small boys,
Big jobs and little toys
Bring us from that joy of playing
To the peak of inner slaying.

Putting up with life's great task,
Taking off the playing mask,
Into life we'll throw our might,
Unto day that knows no night.
ORVILLE BREWSTER, '28.

Spring

Budding leaves,
Green grass,
House-cleaning,
Drowsiness—
That's Spring!

Rippling brooks,
Chirping birds,
Sunshine,
Happiness—
That's Spring.
WINNIFRED BARRET.

Outwitted

SILENTLY and deftly, the long, tapering fingers of Jimmie Burton turned the dial of the safe in the home of the wealthy Lockwoods. Click, click—and the safe was open. Yes, there it was, glistening and shining in a thousand different colors, the famous Van Dyke emerald that everyone wished to own, but very few were wealthy enough to buy.

The Lockwoods had been fortunate enough to have purchased it from a person of royal blood who had been reduced to poverty. And now, within seven minutes, the most notorious criminal gang of the underworld had planned to steal it.

Hark! What was that? The sound of an instrument scraping against glass was faintly audible, but yet distinct.

He must hurry and cover up any traces to show that anyone had been there.

Jimmie took the gem and slipped it into his pocket. Then he closed the

safe and took his tools with him and had behind a heavy velvet curtain at the farther end of the room.

What was that figure that loomed up in the darkness? Sure enough, it was the cleverest criminal of the underworld, Black Mike! He was hunted and sought for by the police all over the country.

Quickly he went over to the safe and started to open it. What a surprise met his eyes! Where was the emerald? Who had *dared* to interfere with the affairs of Black Mike, he who was feared by all? He searched high and low, in and under boxes, everywhere—but no emerald was to be found. The one who had outwitted Black Mike will pay and pay well if he is caught. No mercy will be shown him by Black Mike.

Hurriedly he shoved the boxes and papers back into the safe. Then he left the house, full of rage.

Silently, Jimmie Burton left his hiding place and went to the safe once more. Slowly, for this time he was not waiting

for an intruder, he opened the safe again and arranged the boxes and papers in the same order as before and then he took the emerald and put it back in its box beside the rest of them. When he had finished, no one would have

guessed that the safe had been disturbed.

After Jimmie had finished, he slipped out into the cold, black night and went walking home, happy in thought that he had outwitted Black Mike.

ALMA MACARTHY, '27.

Reminiscences

THE room was dark except for the dim shadows cast by the old fireplace in the old cabin which was built among the hills of Tennessee. Out of the shadows, the figure of an old man could be discerned sitting on an ancient, dilapidated chair with shabby cushions.

He was puffing peacefully on an old corncob pipe, gazing into the fire. His kinky hair was streaked with white. His large dark eyes were filled with kindness, and held a peaceful, reminiscent look, as if he were recalling incidents long since gone. His face held no sign of weak character or of dissipation, but was kind and courageous looking. It was lined with wrinkles acquired by many years of hard work. Bob Scales, the man's name, was born in eighteen hundred and fifty-three on a plantation about fifteen miles from Nashville.

As he sat alone by the fire, his mind journeyed back to his childhood days, happy days. He remembered the days of slavery. His parents were owned by the same master, who was very kind, and Bob had sometimes helped his mother, or worked in the gardens and orchards with his father. Most of all, he remembered many peaceful, happy days during his early boyhood. Then came the war.

Around the year eighteen hundred and sixty, the people began to prepare for the war. The peaceful life of many families was suddenly shattered. A reign of terror

came for all the ignorant negroes who had no idea of what it was all about. They only knew that dear ones were leaving quickly, and uniformed soldiers were marching by carrying guns.

Then came the actual realization of the war. The boom of distant guns was heard, parades of soldiers were seen, and hurried departures were taken. Uncalled-for sorrow came upon these slaves who were just beginning to hear of "Abe" who was going to free them, and—they did not quite understand what would happen to them when they were freed. Then "Dem Yankees from de North" came down, some of whom took possession of the "Hockett plantation" where Bob had always lived.

The poor negroes were terrified at the sight of the fellows in blue uniforms. The little "pickaninnies" scurried and hid, Bob among them. He remembered climbing high up in a tree where he could not be discovered, and watching what they did with terrified eyes. He could picture the soldiers calling the scared negroes in to cook and serve them. He could see one young, arrogant soldier ride his horse on to the porch and straight into the large main house on the plantation. The soldiers camped long enough to strip the place of all the supplies. Bob's mother remarked at their departure, "Lordy, befo' dem Yankees comed, dere were loads o' chickens, sixty hams,

strips of pork and bacon, hogs a plenty, an' when dey leave, dey's not 'nuff ter feed a canary bird."

For four years the war went on, then it ended. The South was desolate and devastated. The slaves were given their freedom, but Bob's master, who was always kind, gave each negro family a plot of land and a cabin to live in. But the negroes refused to leave their beloved master and remained loyal to him; many stayed with him until they died, Bob's parents among them. Bob, too, re-

mained faithful to his master and served him all during his life, and in return received undying devotion and the love of the whole plantation.

The whole neighborhood loved to gather at his cabin to enjoy his yarns, some of which were true, others imaginative. But now that his time, too, was drawing near, and old age had set his mark upon him, he liked best to tilt his chair backwards against his cabin wall and live in pleasant dreams of the past.

M. RORKE, '27.

For Love Or For Honor

IT was quite early one March evening as James Patrick Murphy, Jr., sauntered through the winding alleys to his home in the West End of New York City. Many children were playing in the street as he passed and they stopped their play to gather about him and admire his blue uniform and brass buttons, for Jim was an officer of the law.

Somewhere uptown a clock struck six as Jimmie passed into the alley on which he lived. He paused a moment and wondered if the chief would need him that night. He hoped not, for he was very tired. He climbed the stairs slowly, and opened the door. There he saw his mother preparing supper. She was quite old and grey now, not so young and active as she once had been, but the thought of her son's home-coming each night helped to stimulate her through the day.

She had sued Jim's father three years before for non-support and she had won her case and her son.

The senior Murphy was quite well known in the under-world as a "general crook."

"Jim Jr." had entered the force and

through valor and good judgment had been awarded the rank of sergeant.

Presently the telephone rang—it was the Captain. He wanted to know if Jim would take Officer Lee's route to-night as the latter was in the hospital. Replying with a cheery "Yes, Captain," Jim hung up the receiver and slumped back in his chair with a sigh. Well, anyway, it was all in the game.

Bidding his mother good-bye, he made his way eastward. A sharp cold wind was blowing up the river, and Jim buttoned his coat a bit tighter about his neck. He boarded an east-bound car. After a twenty-minute ride, he got off and proceeded to the nearest patrol box. Calling the station, he reported he was about to start on his route. Having received necessary instructions, he started on.

His route led him through a semi-residential section with an occasional furrier's and a pawn shop here and there.

The first part of the night passed without incident. The moon gradually dropped below the horizon and the stars were disappearing one by one. The arc

lights blinded and shadows rose and fell in the dark alleys. The street was deserted. It was just two o'clock as Jim pulled a box; his next one was to be pulled at two-thirty. He started on. All at once he thought he saw a figure dart into an alley. Jim crept forward, sometimes crawling, sometimes walking upright. Once again he saw the figure, closer this time, steal over a low wall. Jim crept closer. The rasping of steel against steel told him that the intruder was attempting to force a window. The window was open now, and the figure with a bag of tools climbed in. The window closed.

Jim had been at this shop before to investigate a break and he remembered that entrance could be made at the rear of the building, thence to an attic. From the attic to the street floor there was a ladder which the proprietor, Levi Jacobs, took down every night.

"Well, anyway," thought Jim, "if I can gain the attic undetected, I can jump to the floor, for I remember that the safe is directly below the door. I suppose that fellow intends to blow the safe."

In a few minutes Jim was making his way cautiously across the attic floor. He listened for some sound below. A muffled report reached his ears, so he was sure that the safe had been blown. Noiselessly he pulled back the trap door. There, almost directly beneath, crowded a figure which was hastily ransacking the contents of the safe. Pausing only for a moment, Jim let himself go. There was a curse, a cry of pain, and two forms rolled over and over on the floor. Finally, Jim got the upper hand and he placed the handcuffs on his prostrate prisoner.

Then taking his flashlight from his pocket, he rolled his prisoner over. To his great surprise he found himself staring into the face of his father.

"Lo Jim, me boy," his father greeted him. "Why, why Dad," was all Jim was able to utter. "Take these things off, they hurt; and let me go. Won't you boy?" wailed the senior Murphy. "No," shouted Jim. "You'll have to serve time up the river for this."

"Not even for your own dad! You can tell the Captain he got away and they'll believe you." Jim had been rapidly weighing this problem in his mind. He loved his father, for he had been fairly kind to Jim when he had been at home, but he prided himself on his honor and straightforwardness. For love or for honor, which should it be?

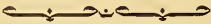
An hour had passed and no word had come from Jim.

Outside he heard the rumble of a car. Someone was at the door. It was open now. Jim's father made one last appeal, but Jim did not seem to understand. He became dizzy. He placed his hand on his forehead and drew it away. It was covered with blood. Evidently in the scuffle he had hit it against the stove. He was conscious of someone talking, then darkness.

When he awoke, he was in the hospital. The Captain was bending over him, his lips moving in a sort of prayer. But Jim had won, he had come through.

It was quite early in the evening as Jim walked homeward. Back at the station he had received much praise and even a slight increase in pay. But the climax of it all was his mother's praise and joy over the honesty and valor of her son.

SAMUEL E. STEELE, '27.



The Sky

Where fairies light their twinkling lamps, Whence Moon her steady light bestows,
 Where elves the rainbow place, Where mist its mantle throws,
 Whence quiet snowflakes lightly fall, Where also nightly thunder roars
 Where snow-white cloud-bits race. And thence the raindrop flows—

There—where lightning brightly flashes,
 Where birds, swift-winged, fly by,
 Where Sun his mighty glow sends forth,
 There—is the spacious sky!

BARBARA JORDAN, '26.

Memories

It was an ancient elm tree The woman small, and old, and grey,
 Which stood by a cuntry road; Was singing soft and low,
 Beneath its mighty branches The sweet, low songs of other days—
 A woman sat and sewed. The songs of long ago.

All the joys of years gone by
 Came back to her memory;
 And the many happy, happy hours
 She had spent 'neath this great tree.

ROSAMOND LYNCH, '26.

The editors regret to announce that "Footsteps" and signed Lena F. Kelson, '27, is not original.

the article appearing in the February issue of the "Arguenot," entitled



HISTORY DEPARTMENT

St. Antoine Quarter,
Paris, France,

June 25, 1791.

Dear Charles,

Now at last is the stroke accomplished! For a long time the pot has been seething and now it boils over. No more shall tyrannical kings oppress and nobility deride us. You, so secure in your home in America, will find it hard to understand this, but I must write, I am so excited! And so I shall briefly recount events since my last letter to you, my friend.

The king is now imprisoned—he, who was once all-powerful. Once powerful, ah, yes, but now! Although he may look from his prison gallery and deride us, it will not be long ere he feels the keen instrument of death severing forever his head from his body. The ire of the good citizens is aroused and executions will commence with him who, if he could, would repress all our natural rights.

I recall the day of the storming of the Bastille. I was one of the attackers. I remember (how can I forget?) the request for admission, the denial and then the attack. We freed seven who had been imprisoned by the cruel and unjust lettres-de-cachet system. I wished then that I could have throttled those responsible for the hopeless and demented condition of those human beings, suddenly brought to light from the blackness

and foulness of a living tomb, the Bastille!

You will no doubt wonder if we have secured nothing by peaceful methods. Ah, yes. The Assembly wiped out the old feudal system and also published the "Declaration of the Rights of Man." But the king—always the king! He did not like these methods and because of his hesitation he was made practically a prisoner in the Tuilleries. He tried to flee but was taken back and some excuse made to cover it up; but this only kept the anger of the mob back for a time. And the nobles have fled too. Ah, yes, but there are still a goodly number who will make welcome provender for the great dispatcher, the guillotine!

In my next letter, dear friend, I shall let you know of the progress of the Revolution. It is moving swiftly. When the climax will come I know not. But one thing I do know, those members of the aristocracy who have considered us as so many rats beneath their feet, those to whom Death in the mob means nothing—they will one day, while kneeling on the gallows waiting for the Grim Reaper to cut them down, gaze at the same mob below and, in doing so, will wish themselves a thousand miles from those whom, in other days, they had trodden in the dust.

Your devoted Citizen friend,

Henry Peveaux.

KENNETH REARDON, '28.

Gasoline Tax

A FEW years ago the state attempted to pass a gasoline tax of two cents per gallon consumed. This tax was to be used for the upkeep and making of roads.

The bill was defeated by a group of narrow-minded people, mostly fleet owners, who did not realize how it would assist them.

A motor truck uses on an average

forty gallons of gasoline a day, about three hundred days a year. The revenue on that would be about \$240.00 a year. Over a period of eight years approximately \$450.00 is spent each year for repairs, two-thirds of which are caused by bad roads. (Broken springs, frames, axles, wheels, wheel bearings, the final drive assembly and the rapid destruction of tires.)

Is it not better to pay a two-cent tax and save a large majority of repairs bills and also promote better roads and driving conditions? Every time the machine is laid up it is adding to the main-

tenance expense without making any returns.

Another outlook on the situation is that the people who use the roads very little are paying just as much toward their upkeep and making as the owners of large fleets of automobiles, trucks, taxicabs and busses. Why not let the fleet owners pay their share of the damage they do to the roads?

In my estimation the gasoline tax is one of the best revenue measures that could be passed. It would provide an efficient way of gaining money for the upkeep and making of public highways.

FRANCIS JOHNSON, '26.

Why I Prefer the City Manager Form of Government

THE city-manager form of government seems to me to be the most successful way of operating the government of a city of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants.

First, it tends to abolish the political machine and the powerful party bosses. These men have the power of controlling the votes of a city so that a man given the nomination on their ticket is almost certain of election. They are so powerful that they can either buy enough votes to swing the election in their favor or they can group the votes of a district so that the majority falls on their side. This latter process is called gerrymandering.

This is the reason that a dishonest man is sometimes elected mayor of a city. It is not because the people want him, it is because some men have been clever and crooked enough to get their man elected without being caught by the law. Then all the actions of the new mayor are controlled by these men.

Another reason for the city-manager

plan is the fact that there can be no shifting of responsibility if anything goes wrong. If there are two or three men at the head of the government, each may try to push the blame for a wrong upon the other one; while if one man is in charge, he cannot dodge the responsibility.

In Norwood, the city-manager plan was adopted in 1915. Mr. Bingham was our first town manager and he proved the plan a success. When he left for a post in a large city, he was succeeded by Mr. Hammersley, who was in turn succeeded by our present manager, Mr. Thorpe.

There are no definite qualifications necessary for a city-manager's post except that the candidate should have a knowledge of road-building, since all progressive towns are continually improving roads. However, he is usually a civil engineer. (A recent intelligence test shows that civil engineers possess a greater all-round knowledge than men of other professions.)

A town desiring a manager announces its need in the newspapers. The records of all candidates answering this call are carefully looked up. Then, in Norwood, a man is elected by the board of Selectmen. His salary is fixed by the vote of the townspeople. He is subject to dismissal at any time by the Selectmen and is required to give a full report of all money spent and for what purposes at any time he may be asked.

The town manager buys all goods needed for the public buildings of the town. He is able to buy things cheaper by job lots; for instance, he buys all the fuel needed for the public buildings, buys all articles needed for the schools and takes orders for miscellaneous ob-

jects. During a coal strike he has the power of taking over the control of a certain soft coal mine. The coal is shipped to Norwood and distributed to the various buildings by the town workmen.

The plan has been a success in Norwood. Although it is hard for the manager to please everyone, the majority is always benefited. Therefore, since this plan prevents crooked politics, fixes responsibility on one man, and insures the appointment of the best man, regardless of party beliefs, whereas the old plan does just the opposite — I think it is the best plan to follow.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

A Visit To France

I, ARTHUR YOUNG, a traveler, will relate some of my observations on the life of a peasant of the so-called Third Estate in France in 1780. Upon arriving at Marseilles in a government slave galley, running between Marseilles and Rome, I embarked up the Rhone River in a barge drawn by horses on the bank. These were attended to by convicts, who, almost anywhere, might be found doing government work. Why? There were so many of them that they saved the government many thousands of francs. People were imprisoned for very slight offenses. They were heavily fined for much less. For example, at the inn where I spent a day the maid shook a rug out of the window. She did not bother to take it downstairs, for it was merely covered with a bit of lint. However, a few specks of lint fell on the shoulders of a prefect of police. They are such spick and span fellows you know, that the innkeeper was fined one hundred

sous for it and had to pay for the cleaning of the street for one month.

I left the river boat at Lyons, a very flourishing city, and after spending some days there, traveled north to Paris on horseback. In the fields bordering the road I saw peasants working like slaves, yet there was no one to drive them on. I afterwards learned that they worked this way in order to win a bare existence. They wore neither shoes nor stockings and very light-weight clothing.

It was late autumn and the crops had failed to bear the usual amount of food. The peasant was well satisfied if one bushel of seed yielded three bushels at harvest. Their ignorance and stupidity was so great that they knew not how to plow the ground below, perhaps, three inches. Many peasants were keeping all eatables which could be preserved until winter when they would be most needed.

At several farms the lord's collectors

were getting their master's share of the peasant's toil, grain, poultry, parts of oxen, usually the tenderloin and a small amount of money. If the peasant had any money, it was a small amount. This left the peasant, who nearly always had a large family, only the barest of provisions for the winter. Besides meeting the lord's demand for his share directly, the peasant had to give, or rather had taken from him, large amounts of food stuffs by the lord's game.

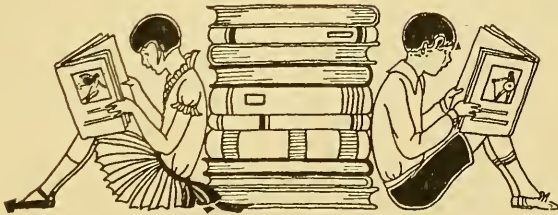
This outrage the humble peasant had to bear, for if the lord's game were harmed, the peasant was punished. Many deer, wild boar and foxes, flocks of pigeons and quail were kept by the lords for their game at hunting season. It was very irritating to see in the crisis of a famine pigeons destroying the crops while the peasant could do nothing to prevent the destruction.

Not only did the peasants endure these things, but they were compelled to work on the roads, serve in the militia and do various other tasks without pay or

thanks. Taxes, I learned, took nearly four-fifths of the peasant's income. He was forced to pay for military protection which he never asked for and rarely received. After paying all his taxes and dues, he was forced to use seven pounds of salt yearly and buy it from the government salt works at ten times its original cost. The prices of woolen blankets, even the poorest, were beyond the peasants' reach. They lay, on winter nights, on straw on the floor, huddled close to each other for warmth. Some of the more fortunate ones had charcoal stoves to warm about five square feet of the room.

As I neared the noble's castle these depressing scenes changed to more cheerful, gay ones. Here there was much activity, as the nobles moved from one castle to another to spend their time in amusements. As I ended my trip in Paris, I wondered how long the people would endure these contrasts and injustices.

CARL GUSTAFSON, '28.



SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The Elephant

SCIENTISTS have made tests to determine whether the intelligence of an elephant is equal to or less than that of a dog. The opinion, up to now, has been that it is far below the average intelligence of the dog. Now, however, it is believed to be about equal to that of the dog.

In India the elephants are used as beasts of burden and to do all heavy work. The African elephant has not been trained as much as the Indian elephant, but, if trained, no doubt he would prove equally intelligent.

Negroes do not like to train elephants, but the Indians love elephants and spend much time training them. The African elephant is pursued and mercilessly tortured for its tusks. They have been killed in such large numbers by ivory hunters, that in less than one hundred years they will be practically extinct.

Elephants can perform many tricks when trained. They are used in circuses a great deal. They can remember about a hundred tricks at one time. They also remember faces easily, and do not forget any unkindness toward them.

They are quite thrifty. When they have eaten enough of their meal, they hide the rest in a safe place until they

wish to eat it. They do the same with peanuts given to them if they happen to be in a zoo.

An elephant in captivity has no liberty. It is chained to stakes and cannot walk. It begs with its trunk for food and drink. Its only amusement is swaying its body, swinging one foot, switching its tail or looking for something to destroy. Elephants are so large that it would be dangerous to allow them to roam among people. Though they are large, they never tread on their keepers. A man may walk under an elephant without any harm coming to him.

Elephants in herds always follow their leader. Where they sense danger, they move away noiselessly, acting as one. The leader picks the safest path and the rest follow in single file. When they are attacked openly, they rush blindly noisily away.

It takes eighteen years for an elephant to grow to maturity; therefore, it is wiser to capture them when full grown, as they are easier to train. This shows one way in which they are superior to dogs. After dogs have reached the age of maturity, it is generally impossible to teach them anything new.

CATHERINE DORAN, '27.

The General Characteristics of the Beaver

THE favorite haunts of the beaver are rivers and lakes which are bordered by forests. In a manner similar to that of the bees, the beavers work together and help each other build homes. These homes are about three feet high and seven feet across, and are

substantially built of branches of trees and mud. It is customary for the families to live separately, and these places of lodging are on the water's edge, so that the entrance may be from under water.

One of the peculiar habits of the

beaver is its building dams. The dams are built where the streams are not deep enough, or if the water does not cover enough land to satisfy the beavers. The colony of beavers unite and build the dam of wood, stones, and mud across the pond.

Beavers are about two feet in length, have short ears, a blunt nose, small forefeet, large webbed hindfeet, and a flat tail. Food for them consists of bark of trees, leaves, roots, and berries. Large trees have been gnawed down by these rodents, and they have especially

strong teeth for this purpose. The trees may be felled for food, and the branches may be used for building homes.

Previously the beavers were common in Europe, but now they are found chiefly in the United States and Canada. No longer are the beavers so common as before, so the fur is rare and expensive. When the fur was easier to get, it was used extensively for making hats.

By these characteristics of the beaver we see that although he is a rodent, he does no great harm, and makes up for this harm by the revenue from the fur.

AGNES GRANEY, '26.

Our Feathered Friends

IS there any sign of spring quite so welcome as the glint of the first bluebird, unless it is his softly whistled song? Often while the snow is still on the ground, this herald of spring is making himself very much at home in our orchards and gardens while waiting for a mate to arrive from the South. Birds that come earliest in the season, and feed on the insects before they have time to multiply, are of far greater value in the field, orchard, and garden than birds that delay their return until the warm weather has brought forth countless swarms of insects, far beyond the control of either bird or man. Many birds would be of greater service than they are if they received just a little encouragement to make their homes nearer ours. They could save many more millions of dollars' worth of crops for the farmers if they were properly protected while rearing their ever hungry families.

This might be accomplished in different ways. For example, stray cats should be disposed of, for they take a terrible toll

of bird lives during the nesting season. People should be encouraged to erect bird-houses so that no marauding bird or animal will endanger the lives of the brood. Laws might and ought to be passed in southern states and Central America to protect the birds that migrate there in the winter months. Holland, once famous for its storks, is now nearly bereft of them owing to the fact that great numbers of them are killed in Africa. Laws relating to the disposal of oil in the waters of the Atlantic should be passed owing to the fact that countless numbers of ducks, coots, gulls and pipers are killed.

Aside from ridding us of pests, some birds act as cleaners and rid the land of decayed matter. The buzzard and vulture are good examples of these. Relying upon the good offices of this pair, the careless farmer of the South lets his dead pig or horse lie where it dropped, knowing that these birds with all-seeing eyes will speedily settle on it and pick its bones clean. Our soldiers in the war with Spain say that the final touch of

horror on the Cuban battlefields was when the buzzards that were wheeling overhead suddenly dropped where their wounded or dead comrades fell.

The gulls of the sea and other water birds are very beneficial in keeping our beaches and harbors clean.

Of course, as in almost every case, there must be some bad along with the good, and the bird family is no exception. Jim Crow, who is one of the few birds that stay with us the year round, has been condemned by the farmer. One of his chief faults is destroying newly planted corn. This may be easily remedied by dipping the corn into tar before planting. Sometimes, it must be admitted, the crow's heart is as black as

his feathers, for he has been known to eat the eggs and babies of song birds.

Let anyone but say the word "hawk" to the average farmer and he looks for his gun. For many years it was supposed that every member of the hawk family was a villain and fair game, but the great searchlight of science shows that the hawks, with the owls, are the farmer's allies in helping him keep in check the mice, moles, snakes, and larger insect pests.

So instead of destroying nests and driving out birds, let us encourage their protection and do all we can to rid them of some of their natural enemies.

SAMUEL E. STEELE, '27.

Gray Lynx

THE Gray Lynx and his mate were going hunting. Neither had had food for three days and they were quite hungry. The Gray Lynx's mate was more savage in her lightning ferocity than he was.

They were creeping toward a farmhouse which was built in the wilderness. The moon rose high in the dark sky and showed the Gray Lynx. He was a large, rough-haired cat, had hind legs like those of a rabbit, had a face covered with stiff whiskers, had strong jaws, and looked wild and savage. He was of a light gray color and had a tail about three inches in length.

That day he had seen cows in the fields. But they were too large for him. There were sheep in the clover fields. He wanted those. He was just ready to spring when the icy air blowing in his direction had brought the scent of man. He went off and tonight he was coming back with his mate. Everyone slept in the farmhouse.

Gray Lynx stopped and listened. He loved fowl and small cattle. If only he could get at the hens! He jumped stealthily on the roof of the henhouse, and made a noise that stirred the cattle. A window in the farmhouse flew up. Some one shot at him. He made for the woods. An hour later everything was quiet. And the Gray Lynx returned.

No matter how he tried to get at the cattle, he was caught every time. At three o'clock in the morning the moon had gone in. This made it just right for the Gray Lynx.

He was creeping toward the henhouse. A morsel of frozen fish lay there. Both prowlers saw it at the same time, and sprang for it. Gray Lynx reached it first. His mate was snarling with rage. She couldn't bear to watch Gray Lynx eating the fish, so she crept off to the shed where the sheep were kept.

Gray Lynx moved to one side; there was a click. He doubled up like a full-

drawn bow. Snarling, he leaped into the air, but was pulled back again. Gray Lynx was caught in a trap! His mate heard the noise and came to see what the matter was.

Gray Lynx fought long and hard to get out, but all in vain. His mate witnessed the fight. She made one spring and also fought with Gray Lynx.

He could not fight well tied in the trap, as his mate well knew. The two cats fought for hours. Gray Lynx fell and stayed on the ground. His mate had killed him. The farmer found a dead wild-cat in his trap the next morning. His mate knew that if she couldn't have Gray Lynx, the farmer wasn't going to have him either.

SADIE M. FOLEY, '27.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Quo Modo Navem Servavit

Caesar superāverat multās gentēs. Nunc erat in Galliā et sperāvit sē totā Galliā potiturum esse. Centum militēs Romanōs, qui prohibērent hostēs progredi, nave miserat. Nihil, adhūc, relatum erat de proeliō, et Caesar timēbat nē quid suis accidisset.

Tandem, autem, legatus, vir stultus, ad Caesarem vēnit. Locutus est, "O Caesar! Hostēs fefelli et nostram navem servāvī."

"Quod! supplicationem tuō nomine decernam si verē dicis," inquit Caesar.

"Verē," respondit, "Ita; Hostēs foramen in nostrā nave fecērunt ut aqua inire posset. Egomet idem feci ut aqua exire nostrā nave posset."

ROSE PERLMUTTER, '27.

Roma

Rōma est una praeclarissimōrum urbium in orbe terrārum. Civēs ex omnibus finibus faciunt iter Romam quotannis. Ruinae Romae sunt praeclarae. Multī faciunt iter ut eas terrās solās videant. Rōma est urbs multārum memoriārum. Multa pulchra templa in hāc urbe reperiuntur. Hic rēs antiquae occurrunt rēbus novīs. Nunc potestās Romae antiquae minuit pristinā gloriā.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, '27.

Si

Si comēs Aenēae fuisset per errorēs eius multōs pontōs vecta essem. Palinurus, gubernator navis, Achatēs, amicus optimus Aenēae, Anchises, eius pater, et omnēs ceterī socii fuissent mei amici. Cum hīs virīs fortibus, lata essem per altum pontum a Troiā. Tum cum Cretae fuerunt, vidissem eōs urbem Pergameam constituere quā terribilis luēs eōs consecuta esset.

Harpyiae habitāverunt insulās quae nomine dictae sunt Strophades. Harpyiae fuerunt ferae avēs quibus faciēs erant feminārum, et existimō fore ut aspectu eōrum terrērem.

Putō, si acti fuisset, futurum fuisset ut ludis Tenerorum fruerer, sed putō futurum fuisset ut nihil aliud fruerer, cum mihi omnia fuissent tam nova.

BARBARA JORDAN, '26.

Aurum Decorum

Radio, maximus apex, fortasse, ad quem animus hominis pervenit, est lux multorum domuum. Fama, adfert melia populi, solam scientiam exterae orbis terrae. Doctrina et humanitas patentur multitudini. Fruāris voluptāte domūs cum audias oratorem qui abest centum milia passuum. Urbes, etiam, quae abest duo milia passuum, audiuntur.

Ad hoc conficiendum, tibi necesse est aedificare rem quae appellātur "set" aut videlicet consequi unam. Nunc, hi non sunt cari. Autem, res quas intellexerunt sunt tanta ut pecuniam statim tollere velis.

Ab orā ad oram, populi vivunt et fruuntur vitā cum habeant hanc magnam rem. Via vitae est facilius et labor videtur parvus ut sentiunt laetitiam quam fertur ad eorum vitās.

Certō, hic fructus hominis est auruone deōrum et possumus vidēre eam sine ullis mandātis.

W. C. FAY, '27.

Delos

Delos parvissima insula Cycladum est. Illa una Cycladum, finitima Myconō et Naxō est. Praeclara per aetatēs fuit, quod natalis Apollinis Dianaeque fuerat; atque illa primum—nominatum deum adorāvit.

Templum Apollinis Deli maximum orbis terrae fuit. Virgilius dixit hīc Aenean venisse ut oraculō loqueretur. Atque oraculum ei imperavit ut eius patriam quaereret.

Autem, in bellō Mithridaticō Delōs ab imperatore Mithridate vastata est. Iam illa ipsa molēs ruinārum est.

BARBARA FEENEY, '26.

En Route Pour L'Amérique

Il était un beau jour en juin. Le soleil brillait. Nous sommes partis de notre pays natif. D'abord nous sommes venus à Rega une belle ville en Latvia ou nous sommes restés pendant deux semaines, jusqu'à ce que nous avons gagné le prochain train en Allemagne.

Après six heures de voyage, nous sommes arrivés à Kingsburg, une autre belle ville mais celle-ci était en Allemagne.

Nous nous sommes couchés dans un hôtel cette nuit-là. A huit heures du matin prochain nous avons pris un bateau pour traverser la mer Baltique. Après vingt-quatre heures nous sommes arrivés à Berlin. Nous y sommes restés huit jours et plus tard nous sommes partis pour Breme.

Après quelque jours nous sommes venus en France. Nous sommes arrivés le soir au Havre. Comme la ville est belle la nuit! Le lendemain nous sommes allés voir les curiosités de cette belle ville. Les premières choses que nous avons vues étaient les cafés de toutes sortes, les magasins et beaucoup de beaux monuments d'art. L'écriture sur les monuments était en français. Comme il est drôle d'être dans un pays étranger! L'air, le soleil, les gens, les manières étaient étrangers.

Après quatorze jours de voyage à travers l'océan nous avons vu une grande statue d'une femme. Avec un de ses bras elle tenait en haut une torche magnifique, montrant la voie au succès et au bonheur. C'était l'Amérique, la terre de beauté et de liberté!

CHARLES W. BABEL, '28.

L'Arrestation

Lorsque Mme. Roux entra dans le bureau de la gendarmerie de Sainte-Ornains-sur-Dives, le brigadier Rabot et son subordonné, le gendarme Drouet fumaient béatement leurs pipes sans penser à rien.

Le brigadier ota sa pipe de la bouche et en secoua les cendres sur le talon de sa botte; après cela il demanda à Mme. Roux:

—Qu'est-ce qu'il y a pour vous Madame?

Elle lui raconta cette histoire:

—Il s'agit de deux "horzains," qui

demeurent dans la maison en face de la mienne. La dame est une petite brune et son mari, s'il est ainsi vraiment, a un air méchante et cruel. Eh bien! vous savez maintenant que depuis trois jours cette petite femme a disparu et je pense que peut-être lui a-t-il fait du mal ou peut-être est-elle malade.

Le braigadier Rabot lui dit:

—Parce qu'ils sont des "horzains," ce n'est pas une raison qu'on doit se défil d'eux.

Mme. Roux répondit:

—Mais elle avait pris l'habitude de sortir très souvent, quelquefois trois fois chaque jour pour acheter des aliments. Et maintenant la porte et les fenêtres sont fermées étroitement et les rideaux sont tirés.

Puis Rabot dit à Drouet et à l'autre qui était assis dans le coin:

—Allez avec Madame à cette maison dont il s'agit et voyez ce qui est la difficulté.

Quand les gens dans la rue les virent, naturellement ils les suivirent jusqu'à l'église pour attendre et voir ce qui allait arriver. Mme. Roux, Monsieur Drouet et l'autre gendarme arrivèrent à cette maison et entrèrent dans le couloir. Mme. Roux frappa à plusieurs reprises sur la porte mais personne ne répondit; les deux hommes donc cassèrent la porte. Ils entrèrent et ne virent qu'un homme qui était assis. Il lisait un livre anglais et ne bougea à leur entrée. Drouet lui parla mais il ne répondit pas. Les gendarmes devinrent très fâchés et le saisirent par l'épaule sur quoi il dit en anglais, "I am deaf. Leave me alone! Let me go." Après avoir attendu quelques minutes ils décidèrent de le conduire au bureau de la gendarmerie. Ils partirent sans résistance de sa part.

En route ils rencontrèrent son épouse qui leur cria:

—Mon mari! Pourquoi arrêtez-vous, mon mari?

Mme. Roux lui dit:

—Où avez-vous été?

Mme. Fire répondit:

—Je viens d'arriver d'une ville lointaine ou je suis allée pour chercher un medium célèbre pour mon mari.

Maintenant tout de monde comprend qu'il n'y a rien de mystérieux à l'égard de cette famille. Ils les ramenèrent chez eux et tout fut ajusté tranquillement.

MARION G. CUSHING, '28.

Leon A Cheval

Juin dernier mon cousin Leon me visita. Nous nous amusâmes tous les jours et un jour il me suprit en disant:

—J'ai décidé que je vais apprendre à monter à cheval. Je pensais que c'était très drôle parce que Leon n'était pas un garçon très agile et actif. Mais quand nous retournâmes chez moi il me promit qu'il irait à un manège pour commencer ses leçons en cet art.

Septembre arriva et j'allai visiter mon cousin. Leon était très heureux quand il me dit qu'il savait monter à cheval. Je ne lui croyait pas mais il dit:

—Attendez quelques jours.

Après deux jours nous allâmes au manège et je m'installa dans la tribune pour regarder Leon quand il me passerait à cheval. Puis Leon apparut monté sur son cheval et accompagné de l'écuyer. Habitué déjà aux pratiques du manège, il sembla que Leon était prêt à exécuter les exploits les plus difficiles.

—Pas-sez-au-trot! dit l'écuyer. —Pas-sez-un-trot! Allons, monsieur! Mais le cheval, à ces mots, se mit de lui-même à trotter le long de la rue. Et Leon

perda soudain son équilibre et commença à tomber.

—Arretez-moi, monsieur! Aidez-moi! s'écria Leon.

—Ne pouvez vous pas vous tenir aux rennes! l'écuyer s'écria.

Sur ces entrefaites je ne pouvait qu'ouvrir de grands yeux. Mais le cheval galopait toujours. A quoi pouvait-il se tenir, mon pauvre cousin? Tout a coup le cheval coucha les oreilles, lança une petite ruade et se tint immobile.

Mais pauvre Leon était tombé sur la terre. Je courus à lui et je trouva qu'il n'était pas encore mort. Entre l'écuyer et moi nous emportâmes mon cousin chez lui. Pendant une semaine il soigna un genou foulé, et il ne m'a pas encore montré comment on monte à cheval.

SYLVIA PAAJANEN, '28.

"Après Le Pluie Le Beau Temps"

Jeannette était une jolie petite blonde de neuf ans. Elle avait un petit porte-monnaie bleu qu'elle aimait beaucoup parce que son père le lui avait donné pour Noël.

Dimanche, Jeannette était allée visiter sa tante Sabine. Sa mère lui avait acheté une jolie robe bleue et un bonnet bleu. Elle n'oublia pas de prendre son porte-monnaie.

Quand elle retournait elle perdit son porte-monnaie. Elle pleurait tout le temps jusqu'à son arrivée. Quand elle arriva chez elle, elle monta à sa chambre et s'assit dans sa chaise berceuse et pleura. Après qu'elle avait pleuré plus d'une heure sa mère vint à sa chambre et lui dit qu'un petit garçon avait trouvé son porte-monnaie et l'avait rendu. Donc au lieu des larmes qui coulaient sur ses joues il y avait un sourire sur ses lèvres.

VALERIA C. ADAMS, '28.

Les Jumelles

Henriette et Lucille étaient des jumelles. Il y avait une grande différence entre ces deux jeunes filles. Henriette était très amiable et bonne, Lucille tout à fait le contraire. Leur mère était morte quand elles étaient très petites et leur père leur avait dit qu'il le faudrait gagner la vie comme il était un quincallier et très pauvre. Henriette commença comme une ouvrière dans une fabrique dans le petit village d'Armentières, mais Lucille se croyait un peu meilleure et elle partit pour Paris, mais quand elles quittaient leur père il leur dit, "Revenez, dans cinq ans et nous verrons qui a réussi le mieux." Henriette aimait toutes ses amies dans la fabrique et bientôt elle avait une promotion. Lucille toujours désobligeante n'avait pas encore travaillé. Quand les cinq ans s'étaient passées les deux sœurs sont retournées à leur père. Henriette avait une petite fortune, gagnée par sa bonté. Lucille n'avait rien gagné et elle avait dépensé l'argent qu'elle avait quand elle était partie de chez elle.

Morale: Soyez toujours bonne, jamais désobligeante.

MARY BUTTERS, '28.

La Amistad

Tener un buen amigo, es uno de los mas nobles deleites de la vida. Cualquier hombre que es pobre, puede considerarse rico si el tiene uno amigo y cualquier hombre que es rico es pobre sin un amigo. Para tener amistad uno debe ser leal y tener interés en el trabajo de otra persona. Mucha gente piensa que la amistad es un dádiva pero, en muchos casos, puede ser ganado.

Usted considera muchos de los amigos de sus compañeras pero una prueba

fiel de un amigo viene cuando usted está en peligro o en confusión. Si él ofrece dar un mano ajudando a tales instancias, usted puede assurarse que él es su amigo.

Tener un amigo verdadero es el regalo el más grande se puede poseer. Ser un amigo verdadero es un conato alto por verdad y lealtad.

MILDRED SKOOGBERG, '26.

El Escoger Una Carrera

La carrera de una persona es una parte muy importante de su vida. Cuando una persona está en su juventad, esto es el tiempo para escoger una carrera.

Para escoger su carrera, tiene que reflexionar en su fuerza física además de su capacidad mental. Tambien la mayor parte de las posiciones exigen, en esta edad, una educación de escuela superior o de colegio. Algunos empleos no tomarán a nadie sino graduados de colegio.

Al entrap en la escuela superior, debe trazar su curso para que se preparen para el colegio o para cualquiera cosa quequiera hacer.

CLIFFORD NELSON, '27.

Un Sueno de Pipo

Atravesaba los campos un día cuando oí un ruido sobre mi cabeza. Al levantar los ojos, ví un aireplano. Bajaba y pronto corría á lo largo de la tierra. Cuando estaba casi a mi lado, paró. El "aviator" se elevó del plano y pidió que yo me pasease con él. Titubeé un momento pero finalmente convenir. Subí en el aireplano y viajamos por el aire exactamente como un pájaro.

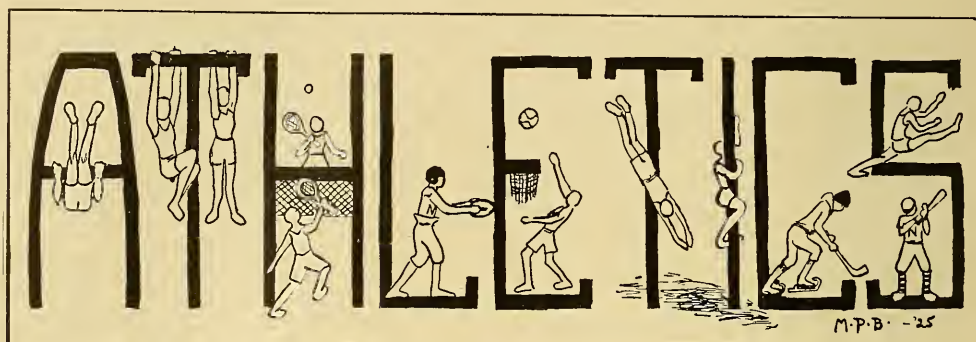
Después de voltar en el aire un rato, el aireplano empezaba portarse singularmente. Yo no sabía lo que hacer. Enfin preguntaba al "aviator" lo qué fué la dificultad. El me decía que había perdido el contrarregistro del plano. Cuando él decía aquello el corazón empezaba palpar rápidamente.

El aireplano descendía rápidamente a la tierra. El plano derribó entre algunos arboles lanzándome entre algunas matas. Yo aparecía tener un tiempo difícil para subir de ellos pero en fin sucedí. Caé en —, el piso y me desperté. Yo soñaba.

Al desayuno hablé a mi madre de mi sueño. Mi madre dijo, fué solamente un sueño de pipo.

GERTRUDE O'BRIEN, '27.





TID BITS

The basket ball team will lose four fine players this year, Captain Flaherty, Slavin, Berkland and Geary.

However, the team that will probably be the regulars next year, showed up well in the last four games.

Next year's schedule will call for sixteen games, all to be played in the afternoon.

The sport calendar for next year calls for a maximum of 9 games in football, 16 in basket ball, and 20 in baseball, with no intersectional contests allowed.

The hospitable way in which Norwood treats visiting teams is being commented upon by opponents.

The gymnasium at the new high school will certainly be a boon to the basket ball players. The floor is to be regulation in all respects, in marked contrast to the poor surface which Everett hall affords.

William Cavanaugh, Captain of this year's baseball team, was presented with a new bat and glove by Mr. H. M. Plimpton.

The baseball team seems well fixed for the coming season, having lost but four regulars last year.

BASKET BALL

ROCKLAND AT NORWOOD

This game was an overwhelming victory for Norwood, by the score of 54 to 17.

The Rockland team showed a complete lack of knowledge of fundamentals of team work. Flaherty would always get the tap from Dixon, then a few short passes down the floor would almost invariably result in a basket. The Norwood guards played a sterling game, holding their two opponents to five points. Captain Flaherty, Geary and Dixon played especially well for Norwood.

FRANKLIN AT FRANKLIN

The score of 20-21 hardly tells of the great fight which took place between the two teams. The Franklin team was exceptionally fast, and the men were very adept in caging long shots. Slavin, for Norwood, also got two long shots from the middle of the floor. At the end of the half the score was 11-9 in Norwood's favor. Both teams came out fighting for the second half, the score seasawing back and forth, first one team being ahead and then the other. With about two minutes to go, Norwood had a lead of about 4 points. Unfortunately they were unable to hold this advantage and Franklin caged the winning basket with only a few seconds of the game remaining. Their desperate efforts to win were of no avail, and the whistle found Franklin in the lead by a single point. Another heart-breaking defeat

for Norwood! Flaherty and Slavin starred for Norwood, Bulikin and Polumbo shone for Franklin.

DEDHAM AT NORWOOD

This year's Dedham game was not up to the standard of former years, and Norwood gave them a good drubbing to the tune of 31 to 16. Dedham put up a good deal of opposition in the first half, at the end of which the home team was leading by but 4 points. They staged a good comeback in the second half, however, and rolled the score up to 31 to 16 at the end of the game. Slavin caged two long shots and watched his side well. The man who stood out over the players of both teams was Spilaine of Dedham; he played a remarkably fine game.

WALPOLE AT NORWOOD

While the close game of last year with its overtime period furnished more thrills than this year's contest, both teams, this February, put up the fast competition that Norwood-Walpole games invariably arouse. Norwood's fast passing game overwhelmed the visitors before they could form a defense for it. Flaherty was the backbone of the attack. When not scoring himself, he was usually instrumental in getting the baskets. Dixon and Geary also played an exceptionally fast game in this half, while the guards held their opponents down nicely. Behind 32 to 7 at the half, Walpole was a changed team when they reappeared on the floor. They outscored Norwood in the last half, but of course could not close up on the big lead which Norwood held. The final tally was 38 to 16. Higgins and Ginn played a good game for Walpole.

MILTON AT MILTON

If Norwood expected another easy victory because of the decisive win home, they were unpleasantly surprised. The Norwood boys were swept off their feet in the first half. While Milton was collecting 14 points, Norwood could gain only 5. This was some handicap to overcome, and with Milton opening the third period playing defensive basket ball, things looked black for Norwood. However, they made such a remarkable uphill fight that, with the game in its last seconds, Norwood was behind by only a single point. Then in a scrimmage under a basket a foul was called on one of the Clifton players. Then "Doonie" Flaherty tossed the ball through the ring, tying the score, and as no other scores were made by either team, a three-minute overtime period was necessary to decide the winner. After each team had taken the lead in this short period, and then tying the score once more, one of the Norwood players shot the winning basket, making the final score 28 to 29. Geary, Berkland, and Flaherty played best for Norwood while Halliday and Healy took the honors for Milton.

FRANKLIN AT NORWOOD

Another close game was put on the right side of the book when Franklin was taken into camp, 23 to 16. Franklin was well pleased with their previous victory and came down to see if they couldn't get a victory by a greater margin this time. Unfortunately for their hopes, Norwood was in a revengeful frame of mind and was determined to give them a good beating. At the half, the score was 9 to 9. This shows how fast the teams were playing. Norwood was not to be downed in the last half, however, and with the help of four fine long shots

by Berkland, won the game by the score of 23 to 19. Berkland and Dixon played well for Norwood while Buliken led the way for Franklin.

EVERETT AT EVERETT

Everett won the game by a larger score than the previous count of 33 to 32. This time it was 29 to 14. Once again Norwood, far behind at the half, made a fine battle and outscored their opponents in the last session. Fisher, Everett's left forward, got some very fine baskets during the game as did Di Venuti, the center of the same team. Dixon and Flaherty were the highlights in Norwood's play and Fisher and Di Venuti starred for Everett.

DEDHAM AT DEDHAM

Dedham as usual put up a scorching battle on their home court, but Norwood dragged the game out of the fire by one point, the score being 19 to 18. Carroll, Dedham's left forward, had his eye on the basket at this game and collected eleven points of his team's total. Norwood's superior passwork was the deciding factor, however; the Norwood boys deserved to win. Dixon rolled three baskets in during the second half and saw to it that Norwood came out on top. Slavin played a fine defensive game, he too getting a basket.

WEYMOUTH AT NORWOOD

This game marked the fifth of the year decided by one or two points. When the Weymouth boys lined up for the game, they seemed to be a pretty husky lot, and so it proved. With the Norwood boys pretty well fagged out, at the end of the contest they got the basket which gave them their victory by 31 to 30. Their long passes and accurate shooting gave them a lead of five points

at the half, which Norwood overcame later and then lost it again. Dorey, the football star, played a fast game for Weymouth, both offence and defence. Dixon and Flaherty excelled for Norwood, Johnson played a stellar game for the visitors.

WEYMOUTH AT WEYMOUTH

Three of the Norwood regulars were declared ineligible before this game, and a substitute team took the floor. It is to be doubted if their work in this game could be improved upon, however, and their defeat by 26 to 18 brought only honor to them. The Norwood boys played as if inspired in the first half and played an aggressive game—kept right at Weymouth's heels. "Jimmie" Donovan, at center, outdid himself and held his opponent scoreless. The Weymouth boys pulled ahead more the second half with Norwood tiring fast. Barrett, Foley and Donovan played best for Norwood, while Dorey and De Placidie won out for Weymouth.

BRIDGEWATER AT NORWOOD

Bridgewater's team played all games away from home. They seemed to like Norwood fairly well, and brought away the "bacon" 16 to 18. Yes, the game was lost in the last few seconds; Norwood had the game all put away, when forced to take it out and hand it to the visitors. The players put up a fast game throughout and the close guarding kept the score very low.

NORWOOD AT WALPOLE

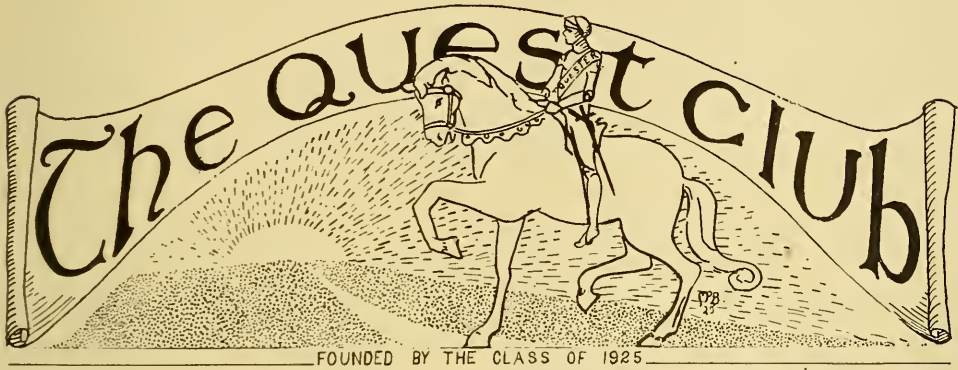
Norwood had to bow to Walpole for the first time in any sport in this melee, and she bowed gracefully, if not humbly, when the game was over and there was nothing else to do. The Walpole boys were right at home on their own floor

with their swinging backboards and they were determined to make the most of a good opportunity. 20 to 17 was the score on the book when the whistle sounded.

WALTHAM AT NORWOOD

The grand finale of the season, against our old rivals from the city of the time-

pieces, was collected by the Norwood "basketeers," much to the chagrin of the boys who used the blue and white very rudely last fall. With James B. Donovan teaming up well with Geary, the Norwood boys amassed the total of 30 points, while the enemy could collect only a puny 22.



Our Activities

NOW that signs of Spring are all around us and the smell of Spring is in the air, we are beginning to have that restless feeling that always comes with the season. A good outlet for this feeling is trips with the Quest Club.

Mr. Rogers, of Peters and Company, has invited us to visit their factory, and we are planning to do so in the near future. Again this year we have had several requests to form a party to go through the State's prison at Charlestown. We will have to find a different chaperon this year, however, for if the guard sees Miss Gow coming again, I'm sure he will accidentally lock her up in

one of the cells when she is in it. Miss Gow won the enmity of the guard last year by asking all our questions for us. He finally told her in exasperation, "I don't know why; I only know what."

On March third a group of Questers saw "The Big Parade." Two large groups have attended a matinee of the picture, "Ben Hur," and as there are still some who wish to see it, another party will probably be arranged.

We are always glad to have Questers express their desires as to places they would like to visit, and wish more would avail themselves of this opportunity.

MARY RYAN, '26.



Insignia Chosen

THE Quest Club has adopted a design for a club pin. Orders for this pin are now being taken. The insignia will take the form of the present heading of the Club department in the "Arguenot." It will be a shield with a knight raised in relief and outlined in black enamel, surmounted with the words "Quest Club."

This pin may be purchased in the best grade of filled gold for \$1.35. It carries a twenty-five-year guarantee, backed by the reputation of Peters and Company, who is making the pin. The pin may be bought in a cheaper grade gold for \$1.00.

All present members of the Club,

graduates or undergraduates, may purchase pins. It is expected that many members of the classes of 1924 and 1925 will wish to place orders. They may do so by sending their names and money to Miss Mary Ryan, president of the Club.

Beginning in September, 1926, the privilege of wearing a Quest Club pin must be earned. Sophomores entering the school will be allowed to join the Club at will as formerly. They will not be allowed to wear the pin, however, until they have actively contributed to the life of the Club.

W. C. FAY, '27.

The Questers' Aid

WE were glad to find that after all our Christmas bills were paid, we had still left untouched the fifty dollars we had made selling candy at the football games. This money has now been deposited in the Questers' Aid. It is our intention to put into this fund all profits from the sale of candy throughout the year. Since September, however, we had been holding the money in reserve expecting to need it at Christmas time. We are glad it was not needed.

During the basket ball season we have continued to sell candy, and at the close of the season will make another con-

tribution to Questers' Aid. Jane Waldheim has ordered the candy weekly; Thomas Barrett has taken charge of the money; Katherine Acton has supervised the selling; and a group of loyal Questers have sold the candy each week.

Since the first of the year the Questers' Aid fund has paid the hospital bill for two children who had adenoids and tonsils removed. A glass eye was purchased for a little girl seven years old who was so unfortunate as to lose her own. A pint of milk is being delivered daily to a child who has had a diagnosis of hilum tuberculosis.

MARION G. CUSHING, '28.

"The Big Parade"

"THE BIG PARADE" is a story of the Great War. It portrays vividly the fighting and hardships of the soldiers, but it contains also humor, romance, and history.

Jimnie, a wealthy young man who joined the army, was shipped to France with the rest of the soldiers. The rich and the poor were clothed in the same uniforms and fed from the same pot.

This illustrated that all men are created equal. Their first stop was at Champillion, on a small farm. Jimmie became acquainted with two fellows and stayed in their company all during the war. Melisande was a young French girl with whom Jimmie fell in love. They could not understand each other very well because Melisande could not speak English and Jimmie could not speak French. This incident made me realize the value of studying French in High School. One of Jimmie's companions knew enough French to say "Parlez-vous Francais Chevrolet Coupe." His other friend was champion spitter of the army.

The French people were very kind to the soldiers. They tried to make them feel always happy. Each time the soldiers were leaving a town the women and young girls would march with them and accompany them out of the town.

The picture showed the soldiers marching for miles through muddy country roads. They were informed that the enemy was about to attack, and were commanded to attack the enemy before it was too late. After a few minutes' rest they started again marching through unknown woods. The woods were alive with enemy machine guns. The bullets rained about them, hitting some, missing others,—but the army marched steadily on.

Later, being surrounded by the enemy,

the soldiers spent many days in mud holes without food or water. One night an officer told Jimmie and his comrades that one of them must cross the battlefield with a hand grenade and destroy a German machine gun. Each of them wanted to go. At last Slim, the champion spitter, suggested making a circle on the ground with a hole in the center, and the one who should spit nearest the hole would go. Of course Slim spat right in the center. He got to the appointed place in safety, but coming back was shot. Jimmie ran out to save his friend and was shot in the leg. He hid in a trench where he found an enemy wounded. At first Jimmie wanted to kill him, but found himself unable to do so at such close hand. Instead he gave him a cigarette and lighted it for him, but pushed his face away so that he would not have to look at the man who had killed Slim.

After the war Jimmie returned home with one leg gone, and found his former sweetheart engaged to his brother.

At the same time in France Melisande, with lonely heart, was wishing for Jimmie. The next spring brings him back to her and makes their dreams come true.

To see this picture is to learn real history with your own eyes. It is the most realistic picture yet made of the World War.

CHAS. BABEL, '28.





ASSEMBLIES

January 7—Since this was the first assembly of the new term, as well as the new year, Mr. Grant expressed his desire that we make a fresh start to raise the standard of scholarship. The Board of Trade cup was awarded the sophomores in the second term.

January 14—Mr. Grant explained the proposed hours of the new high school and urged that parents be present at the open meetings to discuss the two programs suggested for the new school.

January 21—After a few interesting remarks about the facilities of the new high school, Mr. Grant introduced Mr. Robert Winn, a representative of the Near East Relief Association. His talk made us realize the wonderful work being done by this organization and it was very interesting.

February 18—At this assembly the students were given further information concerning the new high school building and program.

March 4—The third term honor roll was read, and the scholarship cup was again awarded the sophomores. The seniors, whose class has yet not won the cup, were urged to make a final attempt.

Mr. Grant urged that more milk be purchased at the lunch counter. The pupils who are "sweet-toothed" should eat the wholesome food also.

March 11—At this time Mr. Grant explained the new athletic regulations to be put into effect here next year. He also said that he wished success to our "Arguenot" delegation, who are going to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association in New York City. In this he expressed the wish of the whole school.

THE CONVENTION AT NEW YORK

On March twelfth and thirteenth the Second Annual Convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association was held at Columbia University. This Convention was held for the first time last year for the purpose of raising the standard of school publications.

This year, magazines and newspapers representing Junior High Schools, High Schools and Normal Schools from nearly all the states of the Union were entered in the contest. Papers came from California, Texas and North Dakota. Most of the delegates were from the South and East, the greater majority being from the vicinity of New York.

The "Arguenot" is a charter member

of the Association. It was recommended at the Convention this year that the letters C. S. P. A., or the seal of the Association, be printed on all publications represented in the membership of the Association.

Many of the delegates at the Convention, including teachers and pupils, passed very favorable comments on our magazine. Some of them asked for copies to take back with them to show to the pupils of their schools. Everyone who saw the paper remarked especially upon the departmental features of the "Arguement." We were very grateful for all favorable comments upon our paper.

The following is a program for the two days' Convention:

OPENING SESSION, FRIDAY, MARCH 12
10.00 a. m.—McMillin Theater, School of Business.

Welcome, Dean Hawkes, Columbia College.

Address, Mr. Julian S. Mason, Managing Editor, The New York Herald Tribune.

11.00 a. m.—Convention Picture, Library Steps.

Tour of the University, Guidance by Van Am Club.

AFTERNOON SESSION

1.00 p. m.—McMillin Theater.

Address, Mr. Herbert B. Swope, Executive Editor, The New York World.

Animated Cartoons, Mr. Winsor McCay, New York Herald Tribune.

2.00 p. m.—Sectional Meetings.

Advertising Methods, Room 401, School of Business. Mr. E. S. Murthey, Eastern Manager, The American Boy.

Newspaper Make-Up, Room 601, Journalism, Miss Edith M. Penny, High School, Bronxville, N. Y.

Sports Writing, 309 Business. Mr. Arthur S. Draper, Sports Editor, New York Herald Tribune.

Editing a News Magazine, Trophy Room, Earle Hall, Mr. Lester Markel, Sunday Editor, New York Times.

3.00 p. m.—Sectional Meetings.

Book Reviews, Trophy Room, Earle Hall, Mr. John Carter, Book Review Department, New York Times.

Magazine Make-Up, 309 Business. Miss Marion O'Neil, High School, Paterson, N. J.

The Poetry Editor, 401 Business. Mr. Henry M. Robinson, Editor, Contemporary Verse.

Editorial Writing, 601 Journalism. Professor Allen S. Will, School of Journalism, Columbia University.

Ad Lay-Out, Reading Room, Earle Hall, Mr. Raymond Highet, Durant-Ford Sales Corporation, New York City.

4.00 p. m.—Meeting of Faculty Advisers, Trophy Room, Earle Hall.

6.30 p. m.—Convention Banquet, New England Dining Room, Prince George Hotel.

After Dinner Address, Dr. Clifford Smyth, Editor, International Book Review.

8.30 p. m.—Visit to New York Times or New York Herald Tribune buildings.

The party was divided into four groups at the banquet. One-fourth went to the Times and one-fourth to the Tribune buildings immediately after the banquet. The remaining groups toured the city in sight-seeing busses with guides. After the tour, these groups visited the Times or Tribune buildings and those who had already been through the plants started on the tour.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13

9.30 a. m.—McMillin Theater.

Address, Mr. Louis Wiley, Business Manager, New York Times.

10.00 a. m.—Sectional Meetings.

What the Advertiser Expects, 401 Business. Mr. R. K. Leavitt, Secretary,

Association of National Advertisers.

The Normal School Publication, Trophy Room, Earle Hall, Miss Clara C. Ewalt, School of Education, Cleveland, Ohio.

The School Paper a Medium of School Publicity, 601 Journalism. Dr. Rollo G. Reynolds, Teachers' College, New York City.

The Art Adviser (Illustrated Lecture), 408 Avery. Miss Olive C. Slater, Eastern High School, Baltimore, Md.

11.00 a. m.—General Business Meeting, McMillin Theater.

1.00 p. m.—Meeting, Normal School Delegates, Trophy Room, Earle Hall.

Meeting, Delegates from Press Associations.

2.30 p. m.—Varsity Show, "His Majesty, The Queen," Waldorf-Astoria Ballroom.

Convention Adjourns.

K. L. MAHONEY, '26.

Senior Notes

"I'll Leave It To You" was given on the eleventh and twelfth of February. The play was very well presented and certainly showed the results of good coaching. Financially it was quite successful.

The role of Mrs. Dermott, the highly excitable mother, was taken by Ethel Balmer, who played her part to perfection.

Oliver, the eldest member of the Dermott family, was played by Hamlin Grant. He was continually quarrelling

with his younger brother, Bobbie, and for that matter with everybody else.

The oldest daughter of the family, Evangeline, had literary inclinations, and her efforts to write novels were tireless. This part was portrayed by Robina Anderson, who had the look and air of a real artist.

The peacemaker and favorite of the family was Sylvia. She was always willing to help someone and she proved herself a real friend to Uncle Daniel when all the others refused to have any-

thing to do with him. Sylvia was impersonated by Anna Russell, who acted with a very natural and pleasing manner.

The rest of the Dermott family included a younger brother and sister, Bobbie and Joyce, who could not get along without quarrelling. Joyce was a young school girl for whom Uncle Daniel foresaw a brilliant future. Bobbie resorted to song-writing for a living. He was in love with Faith Crombie, who did not seem over anxious to accept his attentions. The roles of Bobbie and Joyce were taken by Roy Holmes and Anna Weisul, who performed very well.

Daniel Davis, the uncle, around whom the whole story centers, was played by Edwin Daniels, who certainly deserves credit for his fine acting. Uncle Daniel, who came to England to help the family out of financial difficulties, didn't have any money at all. However, he told such glowing tales of gold mines in South America that everyone concluded he was wealthy. Finally, after everyone had tried to win the fortune, the truth was discovered, much to the discomfort of Uncle Daniel.

Rita Nelligan was a very good Mrs. Crombie, the society lady, who wanted her daughter to marry somebody with a lot of money. Faith Crombie, played by Elizabeth Davidson, was supposedly in love with Bobbie, but when he told her his uncle was penniless, he learned that she was a fortune-hunter.

Last, but certainly not least, comes Griggs, the butler, who was invaluable to Mrs. Dermott. Henry Newman made a very remarkable butler, in his brown uniform with the brass buttons.

The play was very interesting and amusing. The members of the cast deserve a great deal of credit for their untiring efforts to make the play a success.

The report cards for the third term have come out and the Seniors did not win the cup. They are lagging behind again and only two more terms are left. Surely there are some who want our class to win at least once before June. Think it over, Seniors! Let's not have the lower classmen laugh at us. It certainly would be a disgrace to the class of 1926 to graduate without winning the cup once.

* * *

At a class meeting of the Senior Class on March fifth, Mr. Grant spoke about preparations for graduation. He named the various committees and these have already been nominated and elected.

* * *

Miss Eliot: "What was the result of the election of 1824?"

Senior: "Jackson won because he had 99 electrical volts."

* * *

Miss Eliot: "Why did the Republica win?"

Senior: "The Republicans won because the Democrats lost."

* * *

Miss Blasenak: "Will you bring my Muzzey up to 201?"

Miss French: "Yes, do you want your Daddy, too?"

* * *

Miss Eliot: "What would you say was the minimum standard of living?"

Metcalf: "It depends upon the size of the family."

* * *

Senior (giving a special report): "In 1803 sixty men were imprisoned for debts ranging from six to ninety cents."

Miss Eliot: "Where would the Senior class be now?"

* * *

When asked to identify certain names which have been or are important in the

ory of the world, certain Seniors gave the following answers:

1. Mussolini—The president of Russia.
2. D. A. R.—An airship.
3. C. W. Eliot—A labor leader.
4. Steinmetz—A pianist.
5. Mellon—A fiddler.
6. Yokohama—A seaport in California. A state in the west of United States.
7. Lloyd George—Ex-king of England.
8. R. L. Stevenson—The inventor of the first steamboat.
9. Pinchot—The president of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company.
10. Stanley Baldwin —Inventor of Baldwin apples.
11. Bok—"Flu" which is passing over Europe. A law passed in Utah. A government in Central America.

12. Naaman—A hair tonic. A Swedish runner.

13. Amy Lowell—The name of a song.

* * *

There is a young fellow called Andy,
To his friends he's exceedingly handy.

When asked, "What's a noun?"

He says with a frown,

"I fear that I don't understand ye."

GRACE CLAPP.

* * *

King (trying to stall in Physics): "In the morning after the night—"

Mr. Smith: "Yes,—just before noon—go on."

* * *

Miss Estes: "Why is this sentence wrong? 'He don't suffer any more.'"

Slavin: "It don't sound right."

Junior Notes

Juniors, we have again been beaten in our efforts to place our numerals on the Board of Trade Cup. There are two more terms left in which to regain our old standing.

Mr. Smith, the chairman of the Junior advisers, points out that although several Juniors have gained the honor roll for the first time this year, there are many pupils who have fallen off. He states further that if this latter group and all other Juniors study a little harder, the Junior Class will come out on the top next term.

Class taxes are still coming in slowly. Make an effort to clear up this financial matter, by seeing your respective treasurers immediately.

JUNIOR JOKES

Miss Estes: "Miss Kelson, what is a loose sentence?"

Miss Kelson: "One that is completed before the end."

* * *

Miss Shirley: "In writing an application for a position, how should you convince the employer that you were just the man he needed?"

McDonough: "Send him a picture."

* * *

Miss Coakley (translating): "I recognize him by the black beard he carries pointed."

* * *

Miss Wilson: "Mahoney, define the word 'fly'."

Mahoney: "To fly is to flap your wings."

Miss Shirley: "Now we're going to take up feet."

Voice: "Take up mine."

* * *

Miss Conley (translating): "He took a walk in a sleigh."

Miss Wilson: "What part of speech is except?"

Class: "Adverb."

Miss Wilson: "Everyone is quiet except Mahoney. Is that an adverb?"

Nelson: "No, that's a fact."

* * *

Miss Abbott: "What would you do with money if you did not get interest?"

Barry: "Spend it."

Miss Abbott: "For what purpose?"

Barry: "To buy something."

* * *

THE POET

It is dandy to be a poet,
And write all sorts of verses;

For almost all the famous poets
Can get such big, fat purses.

But I don't think I shall ever be
A poet of great renown,
Who is well known and much beloved
In each and every town.

For I just write for the fun of it,
Since it comes very easy to me;
Yet a weaver of wonderful thoughts
I fear I shall never be.

But yet I hope that my few efforts
At poetry, prose, or rhyme,
Will please you just a wee little bit;
Then they'll be well worth my time.
ROSE PERLMUTTER, '27.

Sophomore Notes

Well, Sophomores, we have the cup again. But only those of us who have tried hard for the last two terms can feel justified in calling the cup ours. It isn't enough to win the cup by just a few points; let's make it 100% ours. Those who have been on the honor roll must stay on there for the next two terms, and those who haven't been on should strive to get there.

The Sophomore Emblem Committee has been elected. The members are as follows: Beatrice Silvernail, chairman, Gladys Johnson, Catherine Acton, Louise Farioli, Jennie Jacobs, Annie Sansone, Dorice Gilliland, George Pallo, Jack Hartwell, Harold Hobson.

On the eighth of February the Annual Sophomore Party took place. It was a well attended and enjoyable affair. Under Mr. Geer's direction, games were played. Some members of the class furnished further entertainment. Miss Dorothy Pusateri sang a solo; a male quartet in

costume sang very acceptably; Miss Dorothy Bird played a piano solo; Miss Virginia Daniels, a 'cello solo; Miss Helen Wachs read; Eleanor Donahue and her company danced and sang. After refreshments had been served, there was general dancing. All enjoyed themselves immensely.

Just a few more words, Sophomores. Keep up your good work and pay your class tax on time.

SOPHOMORE JOKES

Mr. Smith: "What do you know about the Queen bee?"

Smelstor: "The Queen bee is King of the family."

* * *

Pupil (translating French): "He talked with his hands very white."

* * *

Reardon (passing through the third floor corridor): "They have the funniest smells in school I ever saw."

Miss Wilson: "What did Hawthorne do after graduating from college?"

Babe Geary: "He held up a post in the Custom House Tower."

* * *

Miss Wilson: "What did I just say about participial phrases, King?"

No answer.

Miss Wilson: "Is King here?"

King: "I don't know."

* * *

Miss Blake: "Hands up, stop talking!"

* * *

Mr. Geer: "There are the saliva glands. What other glands do people have?"

Pupil: "Swollen glands."

* * *

Rich (translating): "I know nothing."

* * *

Miss Estes (to class studying Tennyson's life): "What did the brothers do at dinner time?"

Babel: "Eat."

* * *

Miss Kiley (to Gym class): "Fall up!"

* * *

Miss Foster (to Dean after he had read translation): "What's the idea?"

Alumni Notes

Several Norwood High School Alumni have become the "high lights" at Colby. Charlie Sansone continues to keep his excellent track record having run first in a 600 yard special race at Portland some time ago. He also made a showing in some relay races in which he partook.

"Jeff" Maclean and "Dogga" Flaherty are continuing excellent work in basket ball having played on the A. T. O. team at Colby.

"Stone" Carlson was elected captain of the Freshman Hockey Team.

However, Norwood High Alumni at Colby make a showing not only in ath-

letics for Douglas Johnston participated in the Murry debate.

Myrtha Lindeberg, '25, received a scholarship at B. U., College of Liberal Arts, where she is studying.

Dark rumors have been drifting homeward from Hebron Academy, that "Hoddie" Spierdowis has lost a considerable amount of weight. Hard studies or week-ends at Lewiston must account for this.

Editor's note: The editors of the Alumni news would appreciate the co-operation of the Alumni about the *when* and *whereabouts* of the graduates of the Norwood High School.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Comments on Exchanges

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.—Your magazine is very well balanced and the cuts are clever.

"The Observer," Ansonia, Conn.—"School Notes" were very interesting. Why not enlarge your joke department?

"The Tripod," Roxbury, Mass. You seem to have very good material in your magazine. Why not add a Foreign Language section to it? Cartoons would increase the interest in the magazine also.

"The Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.—The department cuts are clever, but why not enlarge the Literary Department?

"The Axis," North Adams, Mass.—Where are the people with artistic talent? Your magazine lacks cartoons. Why not enlarge the Exchange Department?

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass.—The cover of your Christmas number was very attractive. You are to be complimented on your wonderful Literary Department. The jokes are the best yet.

"The Harpoon," Dartmouth, Mass.—The cover would be more attractive if there were a little color added to it. The

Athletic Notes are written up well and the illustrations are very good. A Foreign Language Department would add more interest to your magazine.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.—Where are your jokes? You know we all like to laugh. A few more stories would make your magazine more interesting.

"The Mirror," Dedham, Mass.—"Class Notes" are interesting. Where is your Exchange Department?

"The Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.—Yours is an excellent magazine in every way and does full credit to your school.

"Sachem," Middleboro, Mass.—The cuts are most original. The cover is very appropriate.

"The Tattle Tale," Wareham, Mass.—Your literary section is especially good. The author of "A Modern Scrooge" deserves much praise.

"The Review," Central High School, Washington, D. C.—Welcome, strangers. Your magazine is one of the most complete and interesting we have received. Each department shows much skill in handling. The cartoons add greatly to its interest.

Comments on the "Arguenot"

"The Blotter," Forest Hills, N. Y.—One of the very best school magazines we have had the opportunity of reading. The Literary Department is especially fine.

"The Tattle Tale," Wareham, Mass.—An exceptionally fine magazine; very complete. Liked particularly for your

Literary and Foreign Language Departments.

"The Item," Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.—The neat cover, the unusual number of original departments, together with the skillful management of them, combine to form a more compact magazine than almost any other we have

received this year. Let us hear from you again.

"The Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.—
Your magazine contains an excellent

Literary Department. The Foreign Language Department is something unusual and exceedingly clever.

Magazines We Have Enjoyed Reading

"The Critic," Lynchburg, Va.

"Pad and Pencil," Boston, Mass.

"The Bulletin," Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

"The Blotter," Forest Hills, N. Y.



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